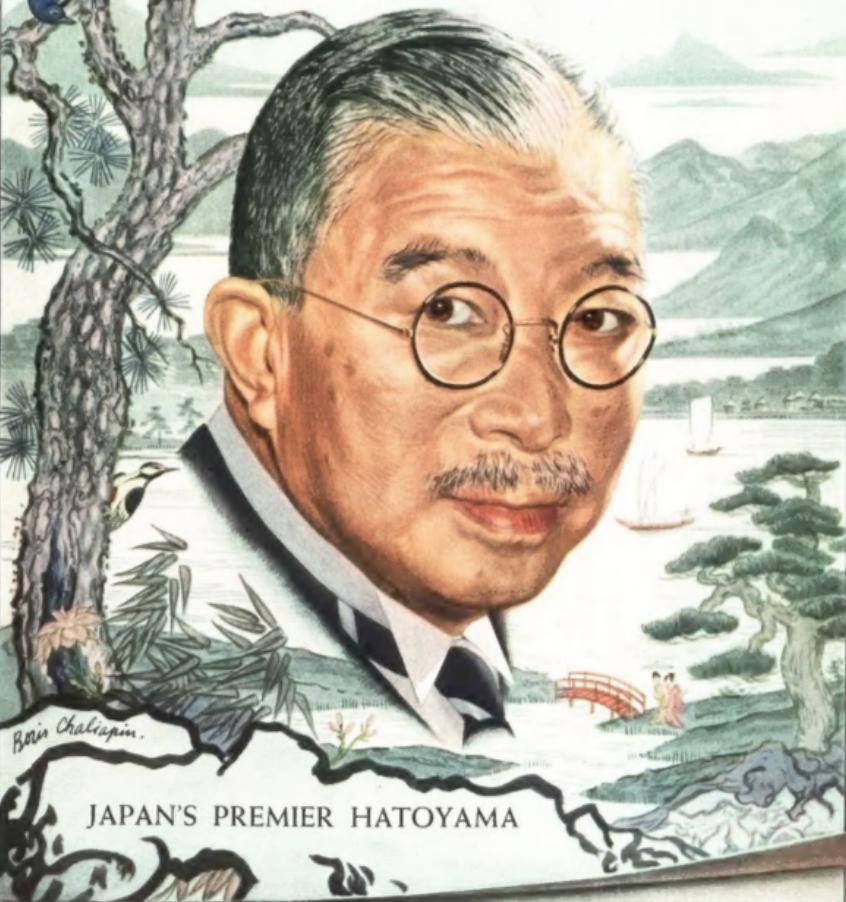


TWENTY CENTS

MARCH 14, 1955

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE



JAPAN'S PREMIER HATOYAMA

The newest of the new!

Advanced '55 Studebaker

NEW VISIBILITY! NEW COLOR! NEW POWER! NO INCREASE IN PRICES!



Windows you raise or lower automatically!

These advanced new 1955 Studebakers offer the newest of the new in electrically controlled door windows—available for either the front-door windows only, or for all four sedan doors, as you prefer.



Newest surprise from alert, fast-moving Studebaker . . . a breath-taking additional line of 1955 Studebakers! Unexpected new visibility! Dramatic new two-toning! Tremendously increased power! All at no increase in Studebaker's low-level competitive prices! Marvelous power assists and air-conditioning, pictured here, are optional at extra cost. See your Studebaker dealer now. Studebaker . . . so much better made . . . worth more when you trade!



Newest of the new air-conditioning!
Studebaker's advanced-design air-conditioning provides more cooling than average home refrigerators—filters, dehumidifies and refreshes the air. Optional in all Commander and President sedans.



Newest of new power seats!
Just touch a finger-tip switch and the driver's seat moves forward or back as desired. This convenience is optional in all Studebakers including Champions.



Newest of the new power brakes!

A slight pivot of your foot from accelerator to brake pedal—and Studebaker's newest of the new power brakes stop your car swiftly, smoothly, surely. Optional in all models.



Newest of the new in ease of parking and steering!

Studebaker power steering—a.d.vanced again for 1955—relieves you from tiresome and exasperating wheel tugging. Better still, its price has recently been reduced. Almost everyone can now afford it easily.

See Studebaker-Packard's TV Reader's Digest . . . a new weekly feature on ABC television network

STUDEBAKER DIVISION OF THE STUDEBAKER-PACKARD CORPORATION...
WORLD'S 4TH LARGEST FULL-LINE PRODUCER OF CARS AND TRUCKS

RESEARCH KEEPS

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER.



Shakedown by three rubber toughs

A typical example of B. F. Goodrich product development

COAL gets packed in those freight cars so tight it won't come loose when the hopper at the bottom is opened. Men used to crawl in the car and using pick and shovel, break it loose. Sometimes it took two men eight hours to unload a car, and more important, it was dangerous.

Then a machine was developed that's put on the side of the car and shakes the material loose. The shaking is done by three B. F. Goodrich Grommet V belts driving a shaft that's out of round and off balance. Many kinds of V belts were tried but broke from

the teeth-chattering vibrations.

But the B. F. Goodrich V belt, with two husky grommets imbedded deep in rubber, can take and recover from shock with no ill effects. A grommet is made by winding rayon cord into an endless loop. Now, push a button and the cars are unloaded in ten minutes.

Product development and improvement are always going on at B. F. Goodrich. Every product B. F. Goodrich makes—V belts, conveyor belts, hose and many other things—is constantly being studied to see how it can be made to last longer and do a better job.

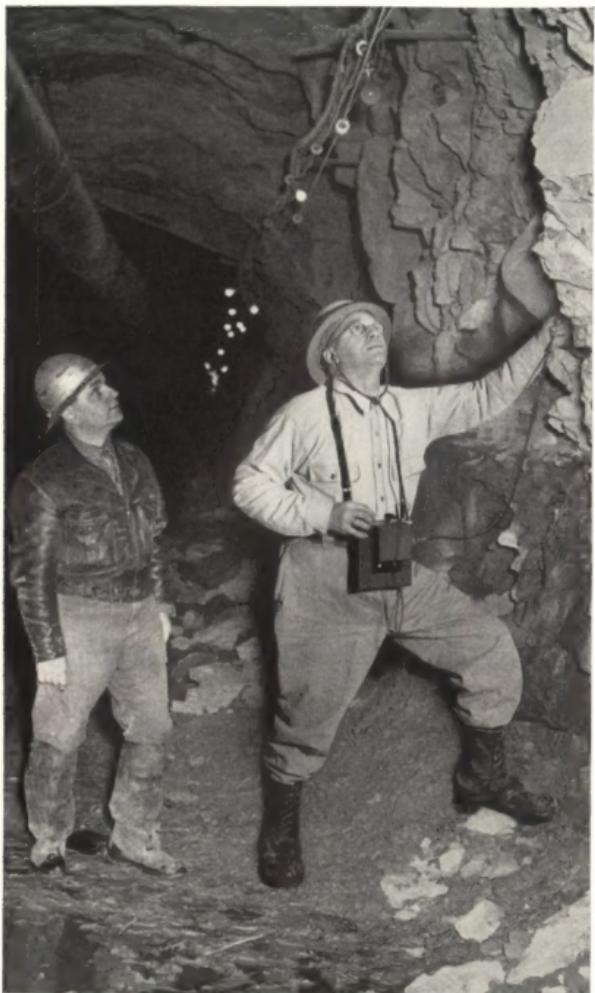
How this cuts your costs: Biggest cost savings almost always come from top performance rather than lowest prices. If you use rubber products, remember B. F. Goodrich is one company that will never lower its quality standards. This means you can be sure of top performance and real money savings when you buy from your B. F. Goodrich distributor. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Dept. M-382, Akron 18, Ohio.*

Grommet—T. M. The B. F. Goodrich Co.

B.F. Goodrich
INDUSTRIAL PRODUCTS
DIVISION

LIBERTY

The Company that stands by you



"Squeaks" in the rock tell them when the tunnel isn't safe. By developing a remarkable instrument that can listen to rock molecules under strain (amplifying a hush-hush sound 2½ million times), Liberty Mutual engineers have made it possible to foretell the collapse of a tunnel under construction. Untold lives may be saved by this Liberty invention and great economic loss avoided. Never before was there an accurate method of determining the safety of a tunnel roof. The rate of "squeaking" during regular tests tells engineers when the danger is over. Here's another good example of Liberty loss-prevention — a service to workers and the public, as well as to buyers of Workmen's Compensation Insurance.

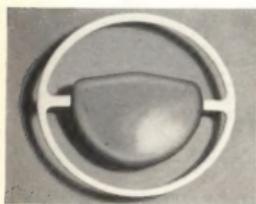


Why are UN tourists so safe? The United Nations buildings in New York draw from 2,500 to 4,000 sightseers daily. But with all these visitors there have been practically no accidents. One big reason why the UN buildings are among the safest in the world is that Liberty Mutual's loss-prevention engineers have helped the UN's own staff incorporate every feasible safety feature in the interior arrangements. Liberty is proud to have the UN as a policyholder.

MUTUAL



Flying nurse. This young lady's job is to help industrial accident victims get well and back to work as self-sufficient citizens. She's one of Liberty Mutual's rehabilitation nurses. She travels thousands of miles to visit insured workers, keeps patients interested in recovery — often accompanies them to medical centers via ambulance plane. The rehabilitation nursing plays a big part in Liberty's program to preserve human values, save economic loss and keep insurance costs low.



Save the driver's life: In an auto accident, a main cause of serious injury to the driver is the steering wheel post which pierces the chest or throat when the wheel breaks away. The Auto-Crash Safety Research, sponsored by Liberty Mutual at Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, worked out a safeguard — a "chest protector pad" for the steering wheel. Description may be obtained by writing Liberty Mutual, Boston.

This remarkable idea started over forty years ago

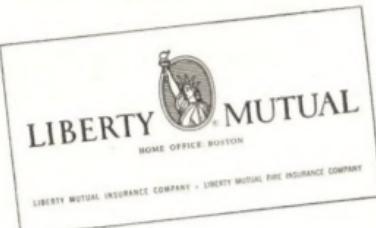
The better insurance service enjoyed by Liberty Mutual policyholders is not an overnight development. It began nearly half a century ago when a group of businessmen decided they'd have to start their own company to get thrifter, sounder insurance.

Policyholders owned Liberty *then*. Policyholders own Liberty *now*. In short, you can be an owner of Liberty and share in your company's savings. Yet your policy is non-assessable.

From its unrivaled loss-prevention program to its direct service, Liberty is always watching out for your interests. In every way, Liberty is the company that stands by you.



"**A fine way to start a vacation!** We ran smack into a big boulder and the first days of our vacation were ruined. I'm lucky our bank account wasn't ruined, too. It cost plenty to fix the car, but all I had to pay was the \$50 deductible under our Liberty Mutual policy. It was good advice the Liberty Mutual man gave me about Collision Insurance." You can always rely on the advice you get from a Liberty man because he has no other interests but yours. He's paid a salary to look after his policyholders, the real owners of Liberty. The same is true of the Liberty claimsman, on call day and night all over the U. S., Canada and Hawaii. Where else can you get insurance service like this? Ask Liberty for a comparison with your present insurance on all counts. No obligation.



LETTERS

Snarled Justice

Sir:

Many things are owed to TIME down through the years and not least is appreciation for the Feb. 27 article on court system reform. Several years back, it was apparent that the cancerous growth of unconstitutional power of our Federal Government would have to be attacked from the top down, which President Eisenhower is ably doing. And now comes your article to spotlight the necessary second half of the crusade to rehabilitate America from the grass roots up: reform of our dispensation of justice . . .

KENNETH McCULLOUGH

Los Angeles

Sir:

Judge Arthur Vanderbilt deserves generous commendation for speaking out . . . We seem to be doing something about Communistic subversives, but in the legal field, where the menace to the country's welfare is far more serious, shamefully little is being done to remove dishonest or incompetent judges from office or to stop unethical and dishonest practices by many members of the legal profession. All of which adds up to the fact that litigants are fleeced with no assurance that justice will be dispensed.

J. B. KELLY

Boston

The Offended Bulldog

Sir:

As an ordinarily amiable English bulldog who has been carrying TIME clenched between my teeth each week to my master, I resent the human reporting in regard to the stertorous qualities of my breed in your Feb. 28



so wright

in **STYLE** and **EXTRA COMFORT**

4 FEATURES FOR SOLID COMFORT



On your feet all day? Then the shoes for you are Wright Arch Preservers. The comfort is built-in to keep you going through the most active day. What's more, Wright Arch Preservers are downright *handsome*. No reason in the world why you should choose any other shoes!

Shoes illustrated: — the traditional Wing Tip pattern. Featured in polished calfskin — in finely textured scotch grain (black or brown) — and in gleaming brown cordovan.

wright
arch preserver
shoes

1. Famous Wright Arch Preserver
2. Shank.
3. Metatarsal raise — for weight distribution.
4. Flat forepart — permits foot exercise.
4. Heel-to-ball fitting — shoe fits to foot action.

FOR NEAREST DEALER WRITE TO: E. T. WRIGHT & CO., INC., ROCKLAND, MASSACHUSETTS

Letters to the Editor should be addressed to TIME & LIFE Building, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N.Y.

TIME is published weekly by TIME Inc., at \$4.00; N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in U.S.A. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois.

Subscription Rates: Continental U.S., 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00. Canada and Yukon, 1 yr., \$6.00; 2 yrs., \$10.50; 3 yrs., \$15.00. Foreign, single copy, \$1.00; annual, \$11.50; 3 yrs., \$14.00; Cuba, Mexico, Panama, Puerto Rico, Canal Zone, Virgin Islands, Central and South America, \$11.50; Australia, 1 yr., \$12.50; all other countries, 1 yr., \$15.00.

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TIME
March 14, 1955

Volume LXV
Number 11



Stetson Ambassador, Twenty Dollars

Stetson Ambassador makes an important statement

We don't know the answers to world problems, but this we do know: "It's Spring and it's time for a dress-up hat like the Stetson Ambassador." (Quote, unquote.) Crafted of finest imported fur, it features the famous Stetson Mode Edge that may be worn off the

face or snapped. In fact, there are all sorts of international agreements regarding the smart, good looks and diplomatic airs of the Stetson Ambassador. Its price: \$20. Other Stetson Hats to \$40. Also made in Canada. Stetson is part of the man.

The Stetson "Cushioned-to-fit" leather has been the standard of hat comfort for over 20 years. Stetson Hats are made only by John B. Stetson Company, and its affiliated companies throughout the world.

PREDICTION...

the **VISCOUNT**
will change your
travel habits!

You've never experienced flight so swift, so pleasantly free from disturbing noise and vibration. Inside the Viscount you'll enjoy the pleasing color scheme — large panoramic picture windows — unique individual tables and wide, comfortable seats. The quiet elegance of the Viscount is a luxury once known, never forgotten!

The Viscount — world's first turbojet airliner — will be serving Capital Airlines.

Powered by  ROLLS-ROYCE

Capital
AIRLINES

issue. "Disobedient," "broads," "lazy," "never plays!"—Poppycock! At my present age of six years I will . . . outpull any team of horses—in proportion to my weight. As for not playing, my master says I wear out toys more quickly than any other dog . . . If by "unsociable" you refer to a certain digestive peculiarity that results in a sort of double-barreled halitosis, I may concede that point, but I still should like to "get hold" of your reporter right where it would do the most good.

LUCKY CAVALIER
(per Alvin J. Wolff, Master)
New York City

The Wages of Fear

Sir:

I should be interested to know how your film critic discovered that the central idea of Clouzot's film *The Wages of Fear* was "hate America" [Feb. 21]. I know this idea circulated in some limited circles here . . . but none of the serious critics ever believed it was so. There is an unpleasant oil company in the film; it so happens that most oil companies are American, but your critic is not justified in saying that it stands for America. To us, here, it was just an unpleasant oil company. What should we say, then, when we see your movies, where all Frenchmen are ridiculous, and most French women are prostitutes? . . .

Olivier Michel

Paris

Sir:

The review of *Wages of Fear* is one of the finest pieces of writing I have read in many a moon. I had the misfortune of seeing this motion picture before reading your review, and I must agree that . . . its message is clearly "hate America" . . .

FLORENCE MACKLER

New York City

A.M.A. & the Veterans

Sir:

Re your Feb. 21 report on the VA: Thank God for the U.S. Veterans Administration. If it had not been for it, I would have been dead of cancer over a year ago. Two operations by their grossly underpaid doctors saved me . . . You speak of a 1,000-bed hospital with only 385 beds in use; every day men who fought for their country are turned away to perhaps die because these beds are not being opened to them. How callous can people get? Everyone should know of the surgical wards in some VA hospitals where one lonely nurse and one attendant watch over and minister to the needs of 80 to 100 men through each night. Name any public hospital that would try to cut corners like that.

W. T. FULLWOOD JR.

Southport, N.C.

Sir:

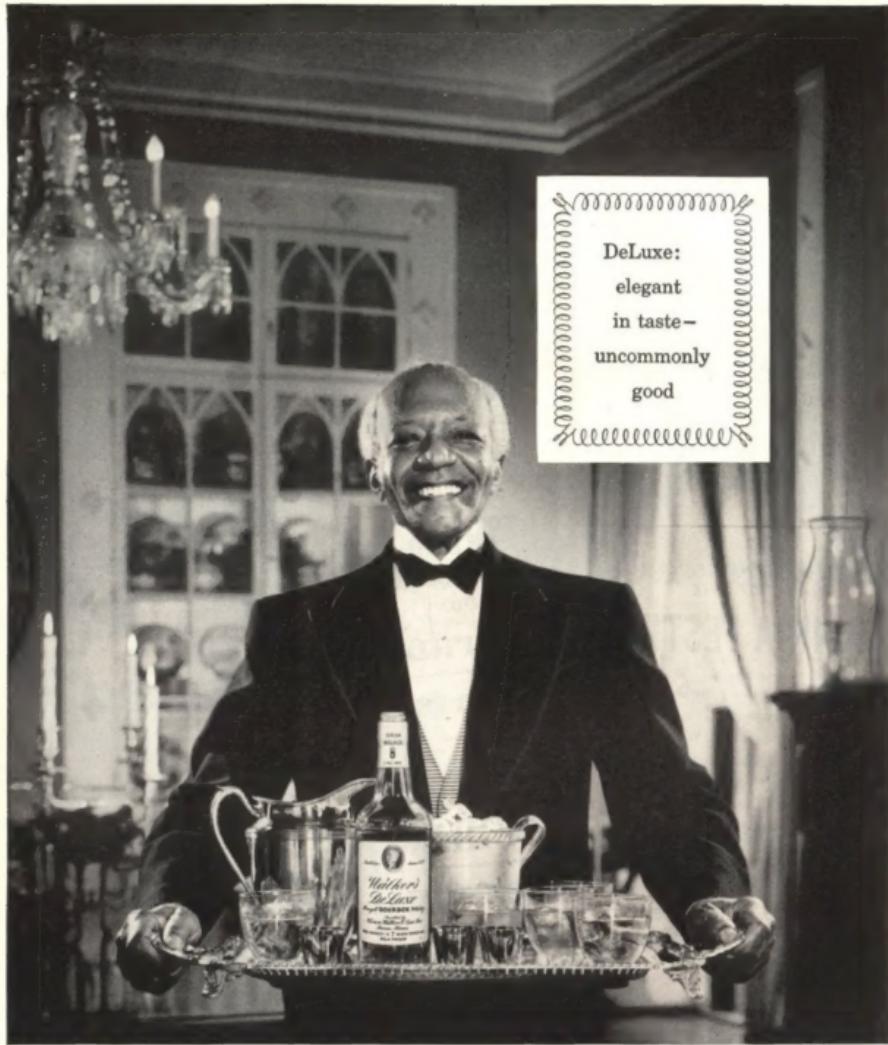
While the A.M.A. so actively damns the VA medical program, I'd like to mention that there are plenty of us who are most grateful for it . . . In this we feel the A.M.A. should be taking the lead to correct a situation rather than condemning the one way out of serious difficulty for some, i.e., Government help . . .

CAROLYN C. WOOD

Alhambra, Calif.

Sir:

Whenever my father and I would pass the vets' home in Sawtelle, he would point to it, smiling, and say, "That's going to be my home some day." I shuddered, with the typical horror of a child imagining her father living in some strange, disconnected place. But when the hospital on these same grounds ultimately did become my father's last home, that horror gave way to a permanent peace of



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uncommonly
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Bourbon on ice for you? It's 7-year-old Walker's DeLuxe!

Serving it "on-the-rocks" is an excellent trial of any whiskey's smoothness and flavor—and one Walker's DeLuxe is certain of passing with highest marks. For this is Hiram Walker's finest bourbon—matured 7 long, quiet years in charred oak. 90.4 proof. May we suggest you order it soon?

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America is on the move toward greater music...for more people...in cities, suburbs...towns, villages. What yesterday was "culture" for the few, today is a spontaneous manifestation of the American way of life...for all. The makers of the Baldwin Grand Piano take pride in the growing roster of civic musical organizations which have made Baldwin their official piano. And salute the great musical artists who prefer, play upon and praise Baldwin as the piano of their choice.

*Of course it's Baldwin—
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today's finest small piano.*



THE BALDWIN PIANO COMPANY, Dept. T-35, Cincinnati 2, Ohio
Builders of: Baldwin, Acrosonic and Hamilton Pianos • Baldwin and Orga-sonic Organs

mind. For in no private hospital had my father received such excellent care as was administered to him at Sawtelle.

AUDREY ANDERSON
Upper Montclair, N.J.

Ike & Zhuke

Sir:
Your Feb. 21 picture of Marshal Zhukov and General Eisenhower (Moscow, 1945) is indeed remarkable. What happened to Ike's ribbons on his battle jacket? Shame on his poor orderly.

(A/3c) **FRED C. KOSLOSKY**
U.S.A.F.

San Antonio

Sir:
... Zhukov looks practically naked! What, only three medals? Those Russian



Edward Clark—Life

IKE'S DECORATIONS ...



Associated Press

... and Zhukov's

marshals usually spread the hardware over both sides of their chest . . .

E. ADAMS

New York City

¶ Ike's ex-aide Captain Harry Butcher and ex-orderly Sergeant Mickey McKeogh say it was the boss's fault the ribbons went askew that day; they had Ike properly squared away but when he moved he pulled his ribbons out of kilter. Ike's decorations in order were: the Distinguished Service Medal with Oak Leaf Cluster, the Order of the Bath, the French Legion of Honor, and a Russian decoration, the Order of Suvorov (which entitles the wearer to free rides on the Moscow subway). For ceremonially loaded chests of Ike and Zhukov, see cuts.—ED.

Church & Birth Control (Contd.)

Sir:
I wish to challenge the statement of the Rev. David A. Reid, in his letter [Feb. 21] criticizing Dean James Pike's recent defense of birth control, that "the Episcopal Church has taken a somewhat uncompromising view of the matter of depriving others of life—which is the express purpose of birth control" . . . A resolution of the 1930 Anglican Lambeth Conference says in part: ". . . We cannot condemn the use of scientific methods to

All automobile insurance is the same until you have to use it!



1 Until you're involved in an accident, it makes no difference what kind of automobile insurance you carry. Sitting in a desk drawer or a safe deposit box, one policy is as good as the next. But when your car is damaged—when anyone is hurt—some big differences make themselves known.



2 For instance, if you were in an accident away from home—and owned a Travelers policy—you could count on getting *on-the-scene* help from the local Travelers man. There are thousands of them—each pledged to give you the kind of service you'd expect from your own agent at home.



3 If you've ever had an accident involving collision, property damage or bodily injury—you know how important the settlement of claims can be. With many policies you may have to battle through lengthy correspondence with an impersonal home office. Not so with The Travelers. The local Travelers agent is the man who looks out for you. He has the experience and interest to see that your claim, big or little, is promptly dealt with.

As long as you buy insurance to protect yourself from minor and major accidents that *can* happen—it makes sense to buy the best automobile insurance. Then if you have to use it—it will serve you well.

YOU WILL BE
WELL SERVED BY
THE
TRAVELERS

INSURANCE COMPANIES, HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

*All forms of personal and business insurance
including Life • Accident • Group •
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Metropolitan Opera star
Destination: Milan



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duo-pianist
Destination: Rome, Berlin

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prevent conception, which are thoughtfully and conscientiously adopted." I should also like to challenge another statement which deprecates the sex act in marriage as a "sacrament of unity" by quoting the authority of the *Book of Common Prayer*, which says marriage ". . . is an honourable estate, instituted of God, signifying unto us the mystical union that is betwixt Christ and His Church . . ."

(THE REV.) LOUIS L. PERKINS
St. Andrew's Episcopal Church
Burns, Ore.

SIR:

IN SAYING THAT MY DUELENCE OF BIRTH CONTROL UNDERS CERTAIN CIRCUMSTANCES IS NOT EPISCOPAL, THE REV. DAVID REID HAS APPARENTLY OVERLOOKED THE CONCLUSIONS AT LAMBETH REPRESENTING ALL THE DIOCESES OF OUR ANGLICAN COMMUNION.

AS FOR FATHER TUCKER'S SOMEWHAT PERSONAL COMMENT, I AM A FATHER OF FOUR MYSELF, SO FAR.

(THE VERY REV.) JAMES A. PIKE
CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE
NEW YORK CITY

SIR:

I found the letters denouncing Dean Pike's defense of birth control far more enlightening and interesting than TIME's original article [Jan. 31]. . .

MARY ELLEN GARRETT
Du Bois, Pa.

SIR:

Congratulations on your excellent coverage of the moving statement by Dr. Pike . . . There is growing recognition that the era of censorship on statements endorsing planned parenthood is over; this message by a leader in one of America's most respected church groups will give new courage and vision to many Americans . . .

MARY MORAIN
San Francisco

Books Without Gadgets

SIR:

May I say, in response to your disagreeable piece [Feb. 21] on the demise of bookstores, that . . . if we are really on our way out, your reviewer can take unto himself a large share of the credit for helping us along. It is hardly to be supposed that any reader, once he has laid aside That's All Books section, will feel that anything at all is worth buying . . . and yet, we survive—without greeting cards, without gadgets, without records: just books. Furthermore, we like to read and, even more curiously, so do our customers. Like the lady in a less noble profession, I guess we're just lucky.

TESS M. CRAGER

New Orleans

SIR:

. . . It is obvious that your reporter did his browsing in the A & P and found *Tobacco Road* on display with all the cigars and cigarettes. I wonder if he asked the store manager, "What is happening to the old-fashioned U.S. grocery store?"

EDWARD S. DANGEL

Boston

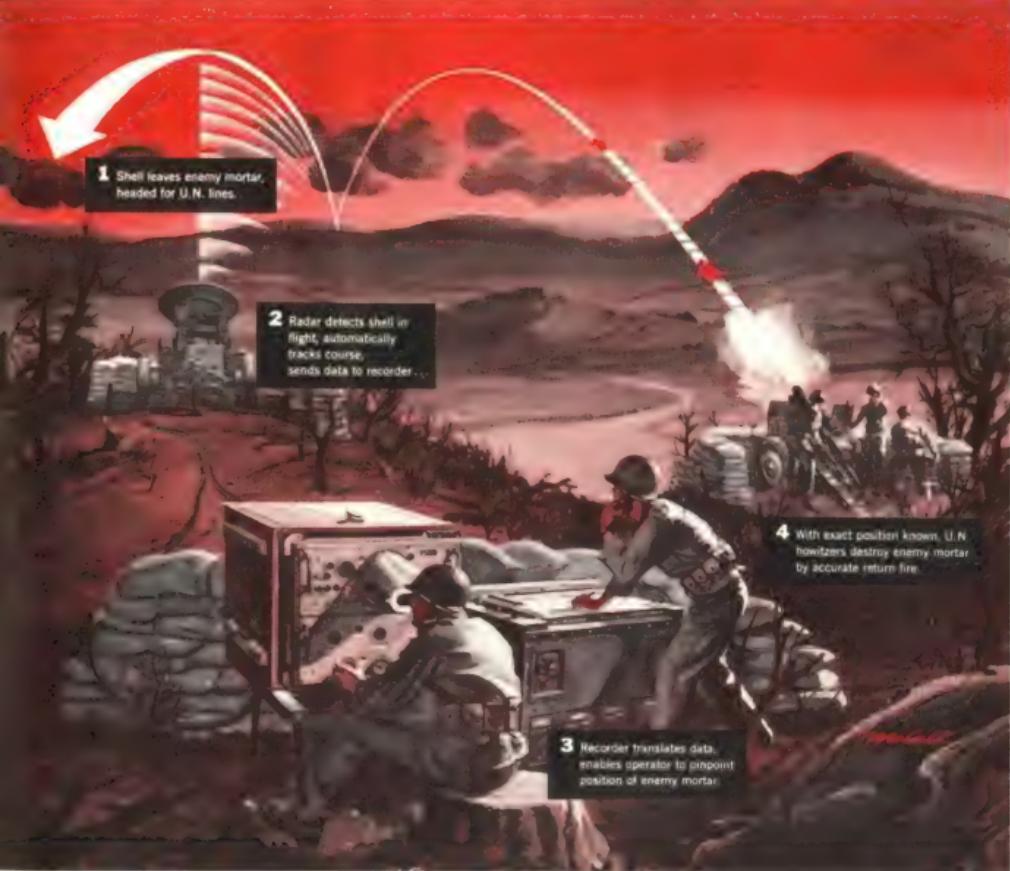
The Old Masters

SIR:

Congratulations on your tribute to the "over 60s" of music [Feb. 28]. I was fortunate enough to be seated near the leader of the applause at the Wilhelm Backhaus concert: the 80-year-old Fritz Kreisler. He applauded first, loudest, and longest!

JAN PEERCE

New Rochelle, N.Y.



ENEMIES' MORTARS LOCATED BY RADAR

Army Used Device Against Reds in Korea, N.Y. TIMES, DEC. 12, 1954

THE STORY BEHIND THE STORY:

■ "Hundreds of soldiers now returned safely from Korea literally owe their lives to the extreme accuracy and speed of the new counter-mortar system." This good news was revealed by the Signal Corps in December when the public first learned of the existence of the MPQ-10 Mortar Locator, one of the Army's best kept secrets.

■ How could a carefully concealed enemy mortar be located and destroyed

after just one or two shells had been fired? And how could such devastating accuracy be repeated over and over again—no matter how often the enemy relocated his mortars? These were important questions in Korea.

■ Actually, the uncanny efficiency of the MPQ-10 Mortar Locator was due to the joint efforts of the Army Signal Corps and Sperry engineers. Working together, they developed a new portable radar system for use at the front lines. How does it work? An automatic radar tracker detects and "locks on" the path

of enemy mortar shells. In effect, it traces each shell back through its trajectory and reveals the enemy position. This information is then relayed to an artillery fire direction center which directs a return barrage against the enemy mortar in a matter of minutes.

■ Delivering this Mortar Locator to the troops is another example of Sperry engineering and production solving a problem to meet a critical need. Today, in the air, at sea, as well as on land, Sperry is helping extend our nation's capabilities with instruments, controls and systems for all branches of the military as well as for important segments of industry.

SPERRY GYROSCOPE COMPANY

DIVISION OF THE SPERRY CORPORATION • GREAT NECK, N.Y.

A black and white photograph capturing a dynamic scene of urban life at night. In the foreground, several vintage cars from the early 1900s are shown in motion, their headlights and body lines blurred by speed. A street lamp stands prominently in the middle ground. In the background, the iconic skyline of New York City is visible, with numerous skyscrapers their lights glowing against the dark sky. The overall atmosphere is one of energy, progress, and the transformative power of the automobile.

THIS IS NATIONAL STEEL

A multi-billion dollar baby changed our way of living

It was born in dimly-lighted workshops. Its first word was a sputter. Its first step touched off a revolution.

It came chugging, kicking and lurching into the Twentieth Century, the infant of America's inventive genius.

There was much laughing. It was awkward looking.

But it kept growing, learning by experience. And everything and everybody it came upon, it changed.

It rattled over cowpaths and down through the years, shortening distances, broadening our enjoyment of life, widening horizons, lengthening strides toward industrial greatness.

It started a revolution!

The automobile reached out and pulled our cities and villages together.

In the early 1900's the total length of all paved roads in the United States would not reach from Boston to New York. Now, today, there are 742,000 miles of paved roads—enough to go around the equator almost 30 times.

Where a farmer once accepted a 10-mile horse-and-buggy ride to the county seat as an all-day trip, he can now make the journey in a matter of minutes. For other millions, the drive to the next town or across the continent is almost as casual as a trip to the corner drugstore or supermarket.

The automobile created suburbs. People who once lived in houses huddled together on 25-foot lots found they could move out of town and still work in the city.

It brought a new way to move products from the farms to the cities, to move all kinds of household things from the factories to the homes.

It created new jobs.

From the few men who created the automobile, the number employed in making them has risen to 930,000. With the miracle of mass production it has been possible to manufacture 140 million cars, trucks, buses.

One out of every seven American workers is employed in a highway transport industry—one out of every six American companies is primarily engaged in the manufacture, sale, maintenance, or use of motor vehicles.

American workers are paid 12 times as much today as they were at the start of the motor age. The luxuries of the 1900's are, in most cases, today's necessities. More pay has given more people more opportunities to buy homes, furnishings, clothing, and products of their labor.

It brought new problems.

Its ancestor—the horse and buggy—still casts its shadow on many of our roads, on streets and parking facilities. But we are making progress.

Soon it will be possible to travel from Chicago to Maine without leaving limited-access high-speed superhighways—which pay for themselves while saving time and money for motorists. In prospect is a nation-spanning network of such roads, integrated with the parkway systems of our larger cities.

Early in the automobile's development it was recognized that safety and mass production could best be achieved with steel . . . and steel be-

came the most important material in its manufacture. Today, 84 per cent of your car's weight is steel.

Most of the many improvements in the automobile have been preceded by challenges to the steel industry . . . challenges to produce the particular kinds of steel needed to make improvements possible.

The tops, hoods and fenders of today's cars, for instance, exist because the steel industry was able to devise ways of rolling much wider sheets than were ever produced before and, moreover, sheets that could be readily formed by mass-production methods.

Under the beautiful paint job of every new car in steel . . . America's great bargain metal.

What about the future?

At any automobile show today, you see the unmistakable signs that there are still restless men at work.

These men are building exciting new concepts of that first automobile that startled America more than 50 years ago. These models of the future are longer and lower and much more demanding of steel. But whatever problem they pose, steel will come up with the answer.

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Occupational Therapy. In Buenos Aires, arrested for undertaking to cure liver ailments at \$2.75 a treatment by having her patients dance the mambo. Healer Dona Pancha, 59, paused en route to jail to mix herself a magic potion of liquids, unguents and powders to ward off claustrophobia.

S.O.P. In Milwaukee, after listening to testimony that John S. Hanley drank to excess, threatened to leave his wife, failed to assume domestic responsibilities, refused to hang storm windows, shovel snow or cut the grass. Judge Robert C. Cannon dismissed Mrs. Barbara Hanley's divorce suit, told her she was not being specific enough.

On the House. In Green Bay, Wis., Tavernkeeper Clarence Mahn reported that burglars had broken in, served drinks to about a dozen guests, emptied the cash register and departed, after carefully ringing up "No Sale" for each round served.

A Matter of Taste. In San Francisco, two years after he was arrested for robbing Ishaq and Manshur Dudum's grocery of 50 bottles of whisky and a black-bread-and-Roquefort-cheese sandwich, George Woods, 45, was caught in the act again, arrested for robbing Ishaq and Manshur Dudum's new grocery of 50 bottles of whisky, a loaf of black bread and a Roquefort-cheese sandwich.

Now Hear This. In Chicago, Mrs. Eleonore Micelle, 45, won a divorce on the ground of cruelty after explaining to the judge that she and husband Benjamin Micelle, 57, had not spoken for eight years, had communicated only through notes pinned on the kitchen bulletin board.

Profit-Sharing. In St. Louis, charged with passing four counterfeit \$10 bills in the pay envelopes of his employees, Café Owner George de Filippo explained that he had found them in his cash register, knew they were phony but saw no reason why he should be stuck with them.

Base Widening. In Milwaukee, charged with disorderly conduct for trying to date two girls whose names he spotted in a newspaper story, ex-Convict Richard J. O'Connor, 27, explained that he was only trying to follow his parole officer's advice to "socialize."

Brief Encounter. In Tulsa, Mrs. Robert Wallace, suing for divorce, argued that she had given her husband no grounds for deserting her, since she had been a "good and dutiful wife" for the 15 minutes he stayed around after their wedding.

Zone Defense. In Latrobe, Pa., the Frostburg (Md.) State Teachers College basketball team showed up for its scheduled game with St. Vincent's College just about the time the St. Vincent's team was arriving in Frostburg.



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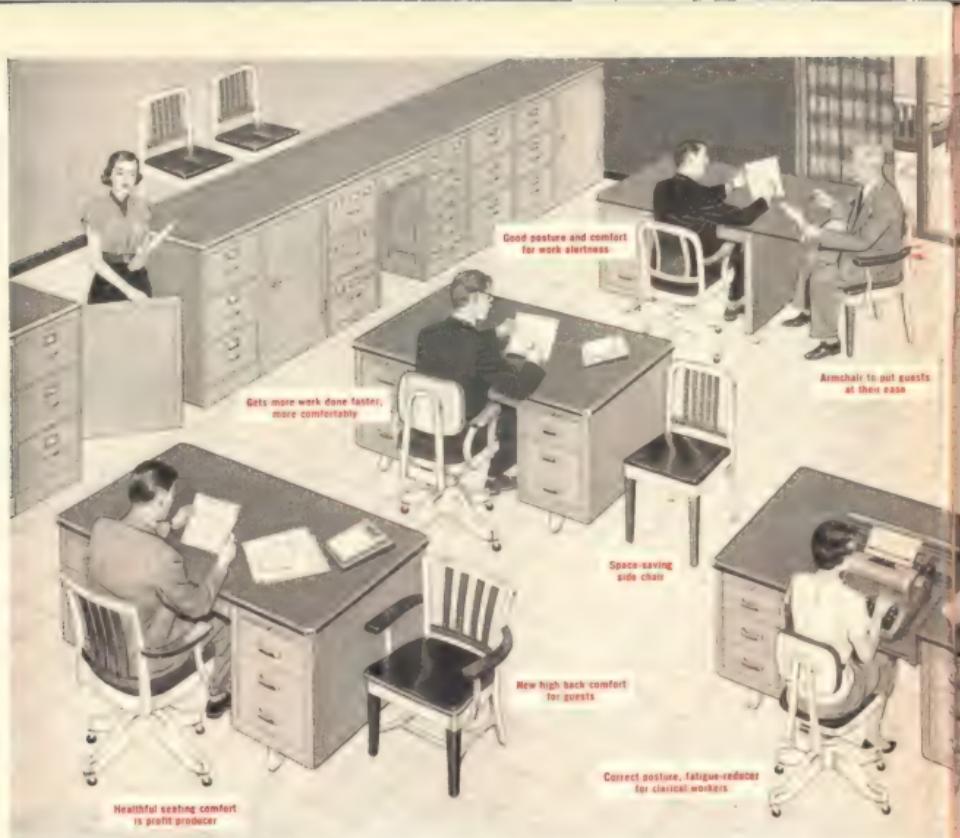


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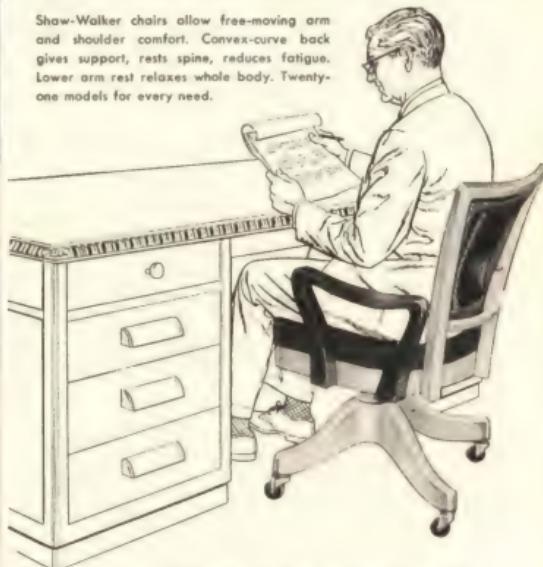
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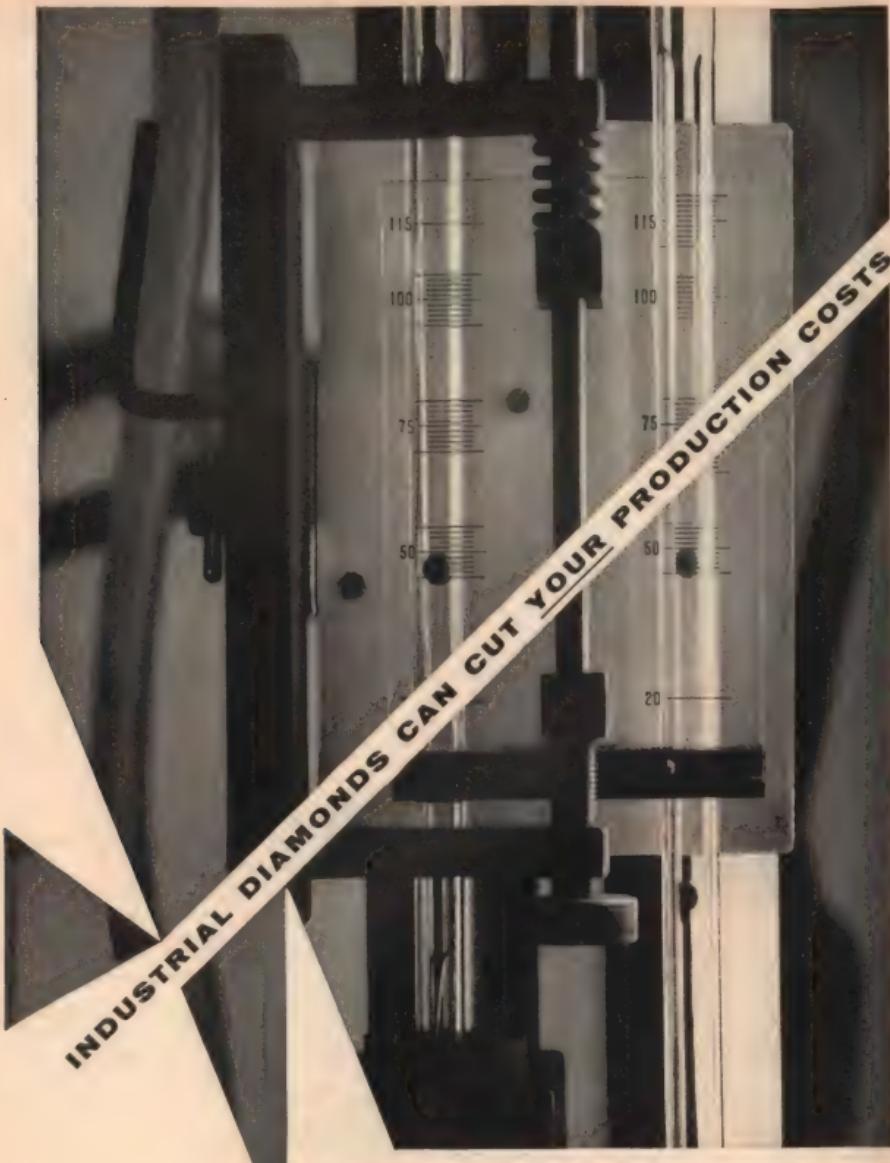
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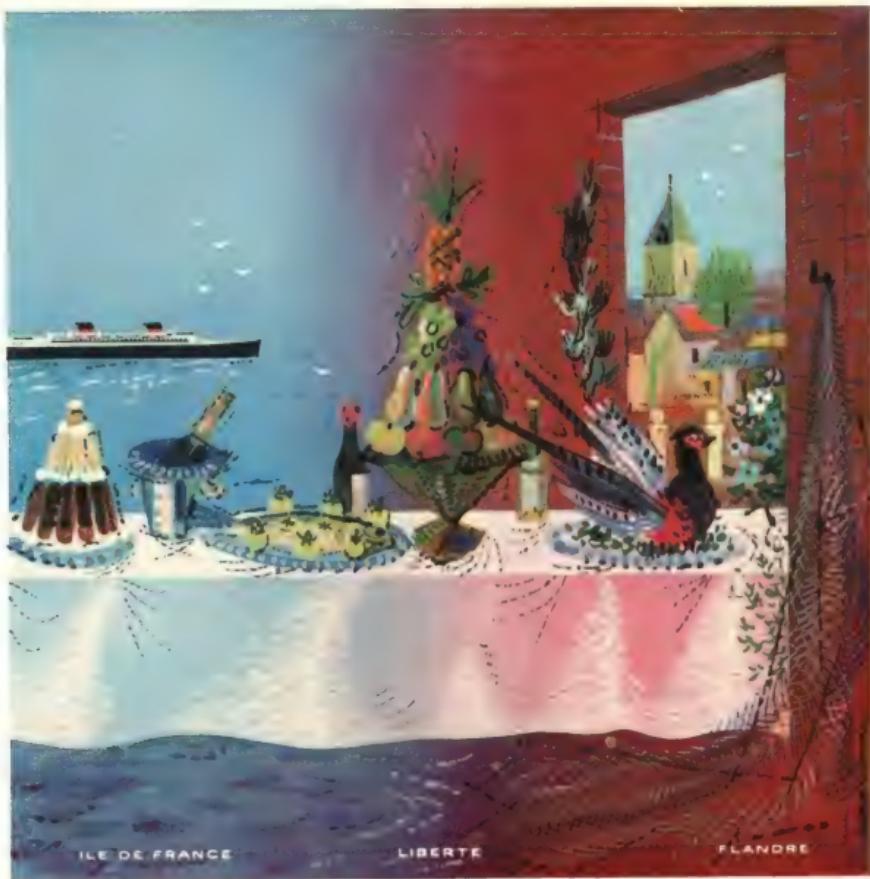


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TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

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A LETTER from the PUBLISHER

Dear TIME-Reader:

ICHIRO HATOVAMA, TIME'S cover subject this week, is a man who is both symbol and agent of renascent Japan, a country beset anew with internal struggles and aspirations ten years after the war. The story is a penetrating assessment of a Japan at the crossroads. It is the story of how pride and tradition, international beckonings and bickerings, are once again stirring the Japanese nation.

Our cover project was launched last month under the direction of Tokyo Correspondents Curtis Prendergast and James Greenfield, and was finished last week with their final report of Premier Hatoyama's overwhelming victory at the polls. How Hatoyama was elected, what it may portend for the rest of the world, and why he is rated Japan's most Japanese Premier since war's end are clearly set forth in *Land of the Reluctant Sparrows*.

Other TIME highlights this week:

■ A glimpse of an earlier Japan and its culture of unique charm in the ART STORY *Out of the Floating World* (with color reproductions).

■ In Dublin, it was a week to recall the famous 1926 riot in the Abbey Theater. The volatile Irish theatergoers were looking forward to a notable event: the world premiere of a new SEAN O'CASEY play. Mindful of the past, the law was ready. The first-night crowd was peppered with uniformed police and plainclothesmen, alert for action should the Dubliners repeat their 1926 objections to an O'Casey

tilt with convention. Lester Bernstein of TIME's London bureau was on hand to report the opening night of *The Bishop's Bonfire* (see THEATER).

■ From San Francisco comes a MEDICINE story dealing with a case so rare that the attending physician admits: "We have nothing exactly like it in world literature." *The Lost Faces* tells what it is like to go through life with visual agnosia.

■ One of the pleasures that a U.S. tourist enjoys only in his own country is the ever-increasing number of modern, luxurious motels. In 1951, the American Automobile Association remarked that anyone who has a "pile of bricks and a vacant lot" puts up a motel. Today, competition for the tourist dollar is even more acute, the product more enticing. How tempting and comfortable some of these motels can be is shown in our four-page color spread; what the industry is like is told in *The Boom That Travelers Built*, in BUSINESS.

■ Another BUSINESS story that we are pleased to publish this week is *Partnership in New Orleans*, a new kind of economic conference which achieved impressive results last week. Some of you may recall that I used this space in two recent issues of TIME (Jan. 24 and Feb. 21) to talk about the Inter-American Investment Conference in New Orleans. What happened at the conference both astonished and pleased some of the most hardheaded experts in the international investment world.

Cordially yours,

James A. Luce

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Vol. LXV No. 11.

TIME

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

March 14, 1955

NATIONAL AFFAIRS

THE NATION

Years of Opportunity

Sir Winston Churchill in the House of Commons last week clothed common sense with eloquence to align Britain with U.S. policy on the use of hydrogen bombs as a major deterrent against Communism. As he cast up the atomic probabilities of the future (see FOREIGN NEWS), he emphasized that the U.S. still has an enormous superiority over the Communists in hydrogen bombs—and the Communists probably will not catch up for three or four years.

The question that Churchill's speech left vibrating in the air was: What will the free nations do with those three or four years? Even as Churchill was speaking last week, U.S. Secretary of State Dulles in the Far East was setting the foundations for a political-military alliance that could, if carried through, provide a position of strength for years to come. Dulles' delicate and difficult job: to build the will to resist without provoking war; to promise protection yet to avoid tying down U.S. strength; to present to the Communists a front that is both adamant and flexible. Since many of the pressures on Dulles sprang from exaggerated jitters about World War III, his important task was bound to be made easier as the free world absorbs Churchill's wisdom and learns the real meaning of its years of opportunity: relative safety lies in greater anti-Communist strength.

Plus & Minus in Asia

For seven days the U.S.'s fabulously traveled Secretary of State hopped from conference to conference in Asia, visiting countries ranging in sentiment from anti-Communist to neutral to scared stiff, talking to three Presidents, two Kings, a crown prince and eight foreign ministers. To all John Foster Dulles offered not only U.S. military protection against Communist attack but a constructive, long-range answer to Communism based on the development of a politically independent, economically sound Free Asia.

But at Formosa, his last stop, a shadow fell over his substantial achievement. By definition no plan for anti-Communism can ever be put in motion unless Communist aggression is halted where it is on the military march. Dulles had good reasons for refusing to state categorically whether the U.S. would or would not defend the Nationalist Chinese islands of



CHIANG & DULLES ON FORMOSA
Other islands cast a falling shadow.

Quemoy and Matsu, but his refusal plunged the Nationalists into gloom and considerably dimmed the bright new hopes he had kindled in the rest of Asia.

Down the Line. Before Formosa his trip had been little short of historic. The first U.S. Secretary of State to travel in continental Asia, he began by flying from the SEATO conference in Bangkok (TIME, March 7) to neutral Burma (where Premier U Nu received him with considerably more coolness than he had shown to Red China's Chou En-lai eight months before). After a day in Burma, he traded his big Constellation for a lighter C-47, so he could land in the Indo-China kingdom of Laos. Cambodia came next day; there he listened attentively to complaints against French interference by young, popular King Norodom Sihanouk.* In the afternoon, back in his Constellation, Dulles took off for the intrigue-ridden South Viet Nam capital of Saigon to promise U.S. support to doughty little Premier Ngo Dinh Diem. From Saigon he flew to Manila for a round of diplomatic calls and a two-hour-and-tenten-minute (without notes) briefing of U.S. Far Eastern ambassadors on the policy he had

been preaching all along the line. Principal points

① SEATO's first job is to bolster the Indo-China nations of South Viet Nam, Laos and Cambodia, and to provide them with sufficient armed forces to fight infiltration and establish order.

② Ultimately, SEATO could become the hard core of a grand anti-Communist alliance of the Pacific, embracing all the nations linked to the U.S. by treaties and stretching from Korea's 38th parallel south to Australia and New Zealand.

③ U.S. forces will not be parceled out among Communist-menaced nations: rather, they will be poised to strike back at attacking Communist China forces on three fronts—from Korea, Formosa, and an unspecified point in Southeast Asia.

④ The anchor of strong anti-Communist policy in Asia is Japan: Japan must be helped to develop markets in Southeast Asia, becoming the source of that area's heavy machinery and other capital goods.

Lunch on the Mountain. At the last minute, on request of the Chinese Nationalists, Dulles added Formosa to his schedule. His Constellation made several passes at the field before the pilot was able to find a way down to the runway through the mist. Foreign Minister George Yeh met Dulles at planeside, escorted him to

* Who, two days later, astonished Dulles by abdicating his throne, see FOREIGN NEWS.

Taipei's City Hall for formal signing of the treaty that binds the U.S. to defend Formosa and the Pescadores from attack. Then Dulles was driven out to Grass Mountain, 20 minutes from Taipei, for luncheon with the Generalissimo and Madame Chiang.

The lunch lasted two hours. Chiang, pointing out the difficulty of maintaining morale on Formosa in the face of retreat from the islands, asked for a specific commitment on Quemoy and the Matsu. Dulles refused; the treaty, he said, does not bind the U.S. to defend the islands. Are there any conditions under which the U.S. would defend them? asked Chiang. Possibly, replied Dulles. If President Eisenhower were to conclude that the islands are essential to the defense of Formosa and the Pescadores, then they might be defended. Chiang was bitterly disappointed and did not bother to see Dulles to the door when the luncheon was over. That evening Dulles took off through the same mist, homeward-bound, to make his report to the President and by TV to the nation.

Trouble on a Limb. Ambiguity is an ancient and necessary tool of diplomacy. In the case of Quemoy and Matsu, which are closer to the China mainland than to Formosa, it provides the U.S. with a flexibility and freedom of action, i.e., the President allows himself the chance to assess the circumstances of attack before opening fire on Communist China. Dulles has a second reason for ambiguity: in Britain, where the defense of Quemoy and Matsu is unpopular, the Churchill government has gone a long way to endorse the U.S. stand on defending Formosa, runs the risk of weakening even this stand if it is forced to endorse a definite U.S. commitment to defend Quemoy and Matsu. Thirdly, ambiguity may confuse the enemy; he cannot be certain precisely what the U.S. will do if he attacks.

But the drawback to ambiguity in U.S. pronouncements on the Far East is that Free Asians have come to read it as a forerunner of retreat. This is understandable: U.S. ambiguity about its plans in Korea was followed by stalemate and armistice, in Indo-China by retreat, and in the Tachens by evacuation. Today, even a hint of further retreat seriously demoralizes those Asian political leaders who have crawled out on a limb to support U.S. policy. For example, in the politically sensitive Philippines, President Ramon Magsaysay last month summoned all his prestige to fight through the Philippine Senate a resolution backing the U.S. stand on Formosa. Magsaysay's supporters, erroneously interpreted the U.S. position as insuring defense of Quemoy and Matsu. On this basis Magsaysay and his friends won a smashing victory. Last week, with talk of abandonment of the islands, Magsaysay's opponents missed no chance to say: "We told you so; never trust the U.S."

Inflexibility on a Line. The Communist confusion, if any, created by the Quemoy ambiguity can scarcely exceed that among U.S. officials. High U.S. officers in Taipei

quietly guess that the U.S. will not defend the islands. High sources in Washington are equally certain that the U.S. will fight for them.

Secretary Dulles is entitled to a chance to use the weapon of flexibility in trying to build up a political situation of strength in Asia. His many conferences last week offered convincing evidence that the U.S. is deeply aware of the nuances of Asian politics; his announced long-range program has offered the kind of constructive anti-Communist policy that Free Asia has never had before from the U.S. But to make any kind of headway with that very program, Dulles must soon face the inflexible truth that fine talk about a fine Asian future will have no real meaning until the U.S. stops retreating in the face of Communist aggression.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY The Trail of Informality

By scrapbook measurements, Vice President Nixon's 28-day, ten-country swing through Mexico and the Caribbean area was a bulging success. It brought reams of enthusiastic newspaper stories, and snapshots of Dick and Pat Nixon getting keys to cities, eating bananas in banana republics, shaking hands with grinning laborers, sipping coconut milk, greeting hospital patients, and—finally—getting the big welcome-home hug from their kids after landing in Washington last weekend. But between the scrapbook pages there was another story—the story of grueling, 18-hour days, of hard cramming that would stagger a Phi Beta Kappa, of life out of suitcases, and schedules regulated

right down to an item reading "Rest—ten minutes."

Simple Utility. The Nixons, covering 8,300 miles in a plush Air Force Constellation, traveled light for visiting diplomats. The Vice President took only two pairs of shoes—sport black for day, smooth-toed black for evening wear; two white dinner jackets and one black one, six business suits and enough shirts to last between laundries. Pat had five hats and a small flexible wardrobe that she turned into a variety of fresh-looking combinations to fit the occasion.

Along the way they learned to live a life of simple utility. Nixon would shave his heavy, black beard close in the morning with a safety razor, then would slick up with his electric razor (if local voltage permitted) before dinner. Pat found it easiest to wash out her own nylons at overnight stops.

Complex Briefing. At every stop, Nixon delighted his hosts by talking knowledgeably off the cuff about local problems. His knowledge was no accident. Aboard the plane he paid close attention to the good advice of Assistant Secretary of State Henry Holland (who doubled as chief translator). At each stop, the ranking State Department careerman from the country next on the list would join the party to bring the latest word on the situation ahead. Not once, in addressing a total of some 70,000 people and shaking 22,500 hands, did Nixon slip seriously.

Overall, Nixon was convinced that the countries of Central America and the Caribbean should form a regional coalition to insure their economic and political stability. He was tremendously impressed with U.S. State Department careerists in the countries he visited, came to believe that they are far more capable of administering economic aid than the Foreign Operations Administration. He was perhaps proudest of his success in soothing, at least temporarily, the Central American feud between Nicaragua and Costa Rica.

Nixon himself will be remembered in Haiti for another talent. Sugar-rich Haiti has long smarted because President Paul Magloire prefers whisky to rum. During a formal reception last week, Dick Nixon waved photographers away, took President Magloire aside and showed him how a jigger of Haitian rum, a half teaspoon of sugar, soda water and plenty of squeezed lime juice make a wonderful rum collins.

THE PRESIDENCY

Town & Country Life

At 2:10 o'clock one afternoon last week, a black Cadillac limousine pulled away from the White House, moved out of Washington and sped across the countryside toward Gettysburg, Pa. In it were the President of the U.S. and Washington Building Contractor Charles H. Tompkins, who is remodeling the house on Dwight Eisenhower's 189-acre farm at the edge of the Gettysburg battlefield. Behind came another White House car, its back seat piled high with bedding and some pots



ASSOCIATED PRESS
HOMECOMING NIXONS
In Haiti, a special talent.



THE EISENHOWER FARM: BEFORE & AFTER ALTERATIONS
Ike slept here.

Associated Press

and pans from the White House kitchen. At the farm Dwight Eisenhower discussed final rebuilding details, grilled steaks for dinner, spent his first night in the first house he has ever owned. Next morning he fried bacon and eggs for breakfast before starting back to Washington.

A Question of Climate. President Eisenhower's fascinated interest in his Gettysburg farm has added a special interest to his plans for the future. At the President's news conference last week, his 1956 intentions seemed to be on the mind of almost every one of the 188 reporters present. What did the President think of the opinion expressed by some Republicans, that the G.O.P. cannot win the presidency in 1956 unless he runs? Replied Eisenhower: "Did you ever think of what a fate civilization would suffer if there was such a thing as an indispensable man? When he went the way of all flesh, what would happen? It would be a calamity, wouldn't it? I don't think we need to fear that."

How did he feel about holding the 1956 Republican national convention in San Francisco? "Well, when they asked me . . . I said I knew the climate of the areas, and I liked that of San Francisco better than I did Chicago." Then was it safe to assume that he will attend the convention? His answer was one word: "No."

A Date for Next Year. While both the questioners and the answerer were obviously enjoying the banter, almost everyone in the game realized that GOPoliticians are clearly assuming the President will run. To them the only unanswered question is: When will he make the announcement? One reporter recalled that the President had promised to discuss, some time, the pros and cons of running for re-election. Could the newsmen make a date with him to have that discussion at his next news conference? "I will tell you. If we can have a complete moratorium on it," said Ike, "I might make a date, let's say, a year from today."

Last week the President also:

¶ Bade farewell and paid tribute to Veteran (68) Diplomat Jefferson Caffery, retiring after 44 years in the U.S. Foreign Service. Said Old Soldier Eisenhower, mindful of recruiting and morale: "The interesting life he has led . . . would seem

to me to provide some inspiration for able young Americans to go into that same service, a service that is constantly dedicating itself to the welfare of the U.S. all over the world."

¶ Received, from the Department of Justice, an opinion interpreting U.S. law as prohibiting sale or barter of surplus farm commodities to Russia or other Soviet-dominated countries.

¶ Offered to give (since the law does not prohibit giving) Communist Albania \$850,000 worth of wheat flour, corn, dried beans and vegetable oil to see the population (1,246,000) through the annual late-winter-early-spring food crisis. The offer was promptly denounced in Moscow as a hypocritical propaganda maneuver.

¶ Received, from Colorado's new Democratic Governor (and former U.S. Senator) Edwin C. Johnson, Colorado's 1955 nonresident fishing license No. 1.

¶ Lunched with new members of the Senate and spent most of the time talking to Kentucky's Alben Barkley about the best varieties of pasture grass; lunched with new members of the House and accepted from Georgia's Iris Blitch (once named the "Queen Bee" of the Georgia legislature because of her work for beekeepers) a gift of two quarts of Georgia honey.

¶ Announced, through Press Secretary James C. Hagerty, that the White House will no longer volunteer information about after-business-hours personal guests and social events. President Eisenhower was said to be angry about the rash of news stories and speculation concerning his recent stag dinners and about jealous protests from people who were not invited. The announced guest lists for 38 of the dinners had included the names of 294 businessmen; 81 Administration officials; 51 editors, publishers and writers; 30 educators; 23 Republican Party leaders; 18 scientists, artists and sportsmen; 16 military friends; ten heads of foundations or charities; nine farmers and farm leaders; eight union leaders; six church leaders; five relatives, and four state and local officials. While some observers have concluded that the White House stag dinner is a potent political instrument, Hagerty said: "Personal guests of the President of the U.S. are in no way connected with the Government of the U.S."

¶ Attended services at Washington's National Presbyterian Church, met and listened attentively to Guest Preacher Billy Graham (see RELIGION), who told the congregation: "The problem we're wrestling with today is not Communism, not the hydrogen bomb—it's human nature."

FOREIGN RELATIONS

End of a Force

On the day the Korean armistice was signed 19 months ago, U.S. reconnaissance air crews carefully photographed the much-bombed North Korean airfields to document an important fact: no Red jets were based south of the Yalu. Since then Russian-made jets have swarmed into North Korean bases. The true terms specifically forbid all such buildups, but by last week this and other Red violations had become so flagrant that the U.S. and the United Nations Command decided to scrap the futile pretense of truce inspection and supervision.

Out of Control. During the armistice talks, one lengthy argument revolved around how to enforce the truce terms that banned any military buildups. Replacements were allowed but not reinforcements, so that neither side could swell its strength by a single additional plane, man or gun. To make sure that the terms were observed, the U.N. suggested that neutral truce teams have the right to inspect any place in Korea at any time by land or air. The Communists, however, refused to permit free inspection of their territory. They compromised by permitting truce teams to operate in five specified check points. The Neutral Nations Supervisory Commission is made up of Swiss, Swedes, Poles and Czechs. The first two nations make a basic policy of neutrality; the second two are outright Communist puppets. On the truce commission, Polish and Czech members help sabotage the neutrals' efforts to enforce the truce terms.

To bypass the railway check point at Sinuiju, on the Manchurian border, the Communists built a new spur line two miles away, over which illegal arms roll unhindered from Manchuria. At the Manpo check point on the Yalu, neutral inspectors see nothing but empty freight

cars returning to Manchuria—while loaded trains cross into North Korea over a nearby bridge barred to the true teams.

The commission gets U.N. reports faithfully listing all troops and matériel moving in and out of South Korea, as required by the armistice terms, while the Reds file reports containing virtually no information. In ten months, during which the U.N. reported using 194,301,524 bullets for normal firing practice, the Communists reported that their million-man army in Korea fired not a single bullet.

Out of Commission? Last year even the neutral Swiss and Swedes grew indignant enough to criticize the Red tactics, which, they reported, made truce inspection in North Korea "completely illusory." An official Swiss-Swedish report said: "All efforts [of] the Swedish and Swiss members of the Inspections Teams . . . have been constantly and persistently frustrated." In contrast, "the U.N. Command side . . . threw itself open to full control."

By now the Reds have amassed alarming new strength in North Korea. According to U.S. intelligence, the Communists have built fortifications, increased their artillery firepower 30%, laid out 40 airfields, and moved in more than 400 aircraft, including at least 150 MIG-15 jets—all in violation of the armistice terms. Truce inspection, instead of enforcing the armistice, had simply screened the steady Red buildup.

Last January, for the second time, the weary Swiss and Swedes recommended cutting down or, preferably, shutting up the commission. Last week, in formal notes to Switzerland and Sweden, Red China accused "bellicose elements" of opposing a system that "has made positive contributions to the peace of Korea." But the U.S. State Department, after consulting the other nations of the U.N. Command, agreed that the commission should be abolished. Reason: "Obstructionist tactics on the Communist side have made [its work] impossible." With the one-sided farce of truce enforcement ended, the U.N. command will be free to match the Red buildup, when and as necessary.

THE CONGRESS

50-50 Proposition

At the first session of the U.S. Congress, in 1789, the members of the House and Senate set their own pay at \$6 for each day they were present. Since then, from time to time, Congressmen have nudged the figure upward. Last week the 84th Congress, armed with the recommendations of a citizens' commission, gave itself a raise of 50%, from \$15,000 to \$22,500 a year.

Two Bulls & a Kitty. While the final vote was overwhelming (223-113 in the House, a shouted voice vote in the Senate), the Congressmen acted only after hearing some caustic words about their own worth. The sharpest comments came from North Dakota's sharp old (76) Re-

publican Representative Usher L. (or Loyd) Burdick, a lawyer, rancher, collector of rare books and a Congressman for 16 years. In the first place, said Burdick, some of his colleagues were not being honest when they called their present salary \$12,500 a year, and failed to mention their \$2,500-a-year special expense account. "Why do you not tell the truth about it?" asked Burdick. "I have often said in lawsuits, when a defendant wanted me to defend him, 'For God's sake, boy, tell me the truth, because if there is any lying going on in this case, I want to do it myself.'

"One Congressman said he lost \$400 . . . every month he was here. That does not surprise me any. You can lose more than that if you plan it. I tried it a couple of months, and it has taken all of my salary and the proceeds of two of the best Black Angus bulls you ever saw. But I have noticed something funny about these Congressmen who lose \$400 a



CONGRESSMAN BURDICK
The reason he's there.

month. When their term has expired, they come right back to lose \$400 a month more . . . You say you are going to get better men if you raise the salary . . . But if you agree to that doctrine and vote for more, you agree that you should not be here . . . Why, the best men in the United States never saw this Congress, and they never will, because you cannot get many good men to run. That is the reason I am here."

Five Trips & a Kitty. The Congress refused to go the way Usher pointed, but it did heed the signal of another old hand. In the final stages, the bill still contained a provision for a tax-free special-expense account of \$1,250 and an allowance for five extra round trips home every year. Just as the Senate was about to rush the bill through, Kentucky's Democratic Senator Alben Barkley rose to make his first

speech since he returned to the Senate this year. In five minutes, Barkley made his point clear: These "petty, extraneous" provisions were so special that they would be resented by the folks back home. Having high respect for the Veep's political sagacity, the Senate hurriedly wiped out the provisions for the \$1,250 account and five trips home.

By week's end the congressional-judicial pay raises, including increases for such officials as the Vice President (from \$40,000 to \$45,000), Associate Justices of the Supreme Court (from \$25,000 to \$35,000) and federal district judges (from \$15,000 to \$22,500), were on the payroll. Total cost to the U.S. Treasury: \$6,000,000 a year. After he signed the bill, President Eisenhower said that the raises were justified to attract, hold and adequately compensate good men under present U.S. standards of living. In a reference to tax levels, he cracked wryly: "We will get half of it back; don't forget that."

Spend v. Save

Listening to testimony for and against the proposed \$20-per-capita cut in federal income taxes, the U.S. Senate's Finance Committee last week heard a clear contrast between the economic philosophy of the Eisenhower Administration and that of the Fair Deal Democrats. Speaking for the Administration was Secretary of the Treasury George Humphrey, lawyer and industrialist. For the Fair Deal Democrats the spokesman was Leon Keyserling, lawyer, economist and sometime bureaucrat, who was chairman of President Harry Truman's Council of Economic Advisors in 1950-52.

"Strictly a Phony." Humphrey had his say first. He was firmly against the \$20 tax cut. Reason: it would mean more deficit financing and thus would have a serious inflationary effect on the U.S. economy. By increasing the cost of living, Humphrey believes, inflation could take away from the taxpayer more than he would get from the tax cut.

Looking straight at Florida's Democratic Senator George Smathers, Humphrey said that Smathers' "compromise" plan to schedule the tax cut tentatively for July 1, 1956 was "strictly a phony" device to offer the voter an election-year plum that might later be snatched away. Said the Secretary of the Treasury: "This Administration advocates further tax cuts, but only at such time as we can see them justified by further cuts in spending and increased revenues from economic growth that broadens the tax base."

Next day the Fair Deal Democrats brought on their man. The real danger in the U.S., said Leon Keyserling, is not inflation but deflation. Keyserling believes that the Government should not only cut income taxes to increase consumer buying power, but should also increase federal spending in this calendar year by about \$3.5 billion to stimulate jobs and production. While such steps would increase the federal deficit this year, Keyserling the-

orized, they would stimulate so much growth in the economy that federal revenue would increase and the budget could be balanced by the end of 1956.

"Unwise & Untimely." On the Finance Committee, the key Democrats, Virginia's hardheaded Harry Byrd and Georgia's hardheaded Walter George, decided that the Humphrey road showed far more promise of getting to the right destination. Byrd and George joined the committee's Republicans to vote down the \$20 tax cut, 9 to 6. Said Walter George: "A tax cut would be unwise and untimely."

This week the Democrats who wanted to take the Keyserling road were preparing to fight for restoration of the cut on the Senate floor. But there was little hope that the Senate Democrats could close ranks. Enough of them were expected to follow Byrd and George to kill a tax cut at this session.

COMMUNISTS Out (Temporarily?)

Six of the top eleven Communists convicted in 1949 of conspiring to advocate the violent overthrow of the Government were released from prison last week after having served 44 months of five-year sentences (16 months off for good behavior). But they were not free men. Benjamin J. Davis Jr., 51, former New York City councilman, was immediately taken to Pittsburgh to serve a 60-day contempt-of-court sentence. The others were re-arrested on charges of knowingly being members of a party dedicated to violent overthrow of the Government, a charge first tested by the Government when Claude Lightfoot was convicted in Chicago last month and released in \$5,000 bail. The five were: Eugene Dennis, 50, former general secretary of the U.S. Communist Party; John Gates, 42, former *Daily Worker* editor; John B. Williamson, 52, former party labor secretary; Jacob A. Stachel, 55, former educational director; Carl Winter, 48, former Michigan state chairman.

Another of the eleven, Irving Potash, 55 (former Communist Party national board member), left for Poland last week without his family rather than stand trial with his comrades. He asked permission to leave the country, and U.S. immigration officials took him up on it.

POLITICAL NOTES

21 in a Row

A year ago Baltimore's Mayor Thomas Ludwig John D'Alesandro Jr. was reeling from the blows of personal and political misfortune (*TIME*, April 26). His second son, Franklin Delano Roosevelt D'Alesandro, had been indicted for statutory rape; acquitted, young D'Alesandro was charged with committing perjury at the same trial. (He was again acquitted.) Charges of graft were billowing around City Hall, e.g., the mayor's friend, Dominic Piracci, who had most of the city's



Albert Corman—*The Sunbeamers*

WINNER D'ALEANDRO
No end to the string.

garage-building business, was convicted of conspiracy to defraud the city, and the record revealed that Piracci (whose daughter married the mayor's eldest son) had written checks totaling more than \$11,000 to the mayor's wife. All this was too much for Mayor Tommy: he had a nervous collapse that hospitalized him for more than four months.

For D'Alesandro, 51, a political collapse seemed so imminent that six hopeful Democrats filed against him in the primary, and all but one of Baltimore's Democratic district bosses deserted him.



Internal and

LIAR MATUSOW
No string to the thing.

But last week, when the primary votes were counted, Mayor Tommy carried every one of the city's 28 wards and amassed 80,370 votes, a clear majority. It was his 21st consecutive victory at the polls (eleven primaries, ten general elections) since he first ran for office 29 years ago.

Wiley's Wile

As senior Senator from Wisconsin, Republican Alexander Wiley has maintained an aloof attitude toward Joe McCarthy. When the U.S. Senate was voting to censure Wisconsin's junior Senator, the senior Senator was handily attending a conference in South America. Some of McCarthy's powerful Wisconsin friends who did not care for Wiley's attitude let it be known that they might try to beat him in the 1956 primary. Last week, the primary 18 months away, Wiley unexpectedly took a place at the speakers' table at the 50th anniversary dinner of the Knights of Columbus of Kenosha, Wis. When Senator and Mrs. McCarthy arrived, to the wild cheers of the 450 diners, Wiley walked all the way across the platform to the other end of the table to pump McCarthy's hand. Said wily Wiley: "Joe and I have never had an altercation. He goes his way and I go mine."

INVESTIGATIONS

The Human Yo-Yo

Speaking of Harvey Matusow, the liar, Mississippi's Senator James Eastland recently linked the man's weapon and his crime. "His mouth," said the Senator, "has been used against his country." Matusow has quite a mouth, and he was busily using it again last week to his country's detriment and the Communist Party's advantage.

Whom the Boom. Matusow, expelled from the Communist Party in 1951 as a cheat and informer, has become a party hero since repudiating the testimony that he once copiously volunteered against Communists (*TIME*, Feb. 14). Questioned by Senator Eastland's Internal Security Subcommittee, Matusow alternately peddled the party line and his own brand of humor. With a sly smile he told of writing a poem, *For Whom the Boom Dooms*, about the H-bomb.

Senator Eastland mentioned that a Communist-assigned bodyguard was staying with Matusow almost every night. "With whom," he asked, "did you spend the other nights?" "It was a lady friend," replied Matusow. He refused to name her, not out of gallantry alone but because "if you force me to tell, I'll never be able to return there." It was "no lady," shouted Eastland, but "a Communist bodyguard." Matusow insisted that it was a lady. "I did," he snapped, "play chess with a lady on Thursday night."

Matusow was in good voice and—for part of the time—in good humor. On the stand he idly twisted pipe cleaners into animal forms, shaping a dog, a rabbit and a kangaroo. He testified that he had re-

cently invented "an entertaining, non-destructive toy," but he refused, claiming the immunity granted by the Fifth Amendment, to name the manufacturer for fear of hurting the toy's sales. Curious, Senator Herman Welker persisted: What was the toy? A miniature lie detector? "Well," said Matusow coyly, as the hearing-room crowd roared, "I call it a stringless yo-yo."

Invisible Pull. But the method in Matusow's mendacity showed up like a red light. Asked about the Communist Party conspiracy, he called it "a lot of unfounded hysteria." He charged that investigating committees "forced me and many others" to bear false witness against Communism. In one remarkable sentence, he

MASSACHUSETTS Geniuses All

John F. (for Francis) Kennedy came out of a Gillette Safety Razor stockroom last fall to be elected Treasurer of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts by nearly 200,000 votes. He did not have much education (seventh grade plus some night courses) or experience (he had graduated from the WPA to stockroom clerk), but his name on the ballot looked just like that of popular and able U.S. Senator John F. (for Fitzgerald) Kennedy.

No believer in the inevitable superiority of college graduates, Treasurer Kennedy forthwith appointed his brother, James A. (for Austin) Kennedy, to the \$5,780-a-

The three were graded in relation to all others who had taken the test. By this system, the average person would get a score of 50. When the scores were made known, Jim Kennedy had 99; Joe Williams 99; and George Wells 98.

At week's end it was not clear whether Treasurer Kennedy would re-submit his brother's name, or whether the Governor's Council would reconsider it if he did, or whether Councilor Wells would remember his boast: "I would get out of the council if I couldn't pass an intelligence test with a higher mark than James."

THE ADMINISTRATION

More Room for Fairness

Many critics of the Government's personnel security program admit that its flaws show up less in the wording of Executive Order 10450, which sets the standards and procedures, than in the way the program is carried out. Last week Attorney General Herbert Brownell announced a new set of procedures to reduce the number of unfair deeds committed by security officers and boards in the name of "Ten-Four-Fifty." President Eisenhower approved Brownell's recommendations and ordered them put into effect. The new rules:

¶ "Charges against the employee should be drawn as specifically as possible . . . enough to be meaningful to the employee," so that he can prepare a defense.

¶ "The final decision as to suspension should not be delegated below the Assistant Secretary level . . . A personal interview with the employee prior to suspension is helpful in most instances."

¶ Hearings should be attended by a legal officer who should advise boards on procedure and employees on their rights.

¶ Agency chiefs should "periodically and personally" make sure that they have assigned "high caliber" persons to sit on hearing boards.

¶ Where the employee has been cleared in another agency, his chief should consult the other agency "to avoid conflicting evaluations." This is an obvious outgrowth of the Ladejinsky case (*TIME*, Jan. 3 *et seq.*), in which Agricultural Attaché Wolf Ladejinsky, long since cleared by the State Department, was fired by Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson, rehired by Harold Stassen's FOA.

¶ Except where sources must be protected, "every effort should be made to produce witnesses . . . [who] may be confronted and cross-examined by the employee."

¶ Violations of law in security proceedings should be reported to the Justice Department. One thing Brownell may have had in mind is the almost total absence of perjury citations by hearing boards, a situation which in past years encouraged real subversives to lie and, consequently, tended to reduce the credibility accorded innocent witnesses.

Each of the new rules, observed Justice Department Security Chief William F. Tompkins, "further protects the rights of the individual."



International

STATE TREASURER KENNEDY & BROTHER
99 for Jim, 99 for Joe, and 98 for George.

orated: "I'm for the country, and I'm for God, and therefore, sir, I can't see myself being anti-Communist."

Playing an obvious game of guilt by association, he implied that all ex-Communist witnesses were lying. His special target: Elizabeth Bentley, whose testimony about Communist espionage is needed to convict the Silvermaster spy ring that she exposed.

Matusow, careful to avoid incriminating himself, was thoroughly briefed by attorneys (including Communist Nathan Witt). In one day he invoked the Fifth Amendment more than a dozen times, and while flaunting his falsehoods, he never once confessed to perjury. Throughout the hearings Communist Hero Matusow revolved like a sort of human yo-yo, pulled carefully back and forth by the party's invisible strings.

year post of third deputy treasurer. But the Governor's Council unanimously refused to approve brother Jim, a steel heat treater at the Boston Navy Yard who left school at 14.

Treasurer Kennedy exploded; his brother could whip the whole council at an intelligence test. Said John F. (for Francis) Kennedy: "James is more intelligent than any member of the council. If he doesn't get a higher mark than any of them I will withdraw his name."

Most councilors looked the other way, but Councilor George A. Wells accepted the challenge. The match was arranged. At 11 a.m. one day last week the two men showed up at Boston University. For good measure, State Treasurer Kennedy sent along his brother-in-law, Joseph Williams, whom he had planned to appoint as his police aide.

JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES

MATSU-QUEMOY DEFENSE NOT MORALLY JUSTIFIED

A statement issued by Dr. REINHOLD NIEBUHR, Yale's DEAN LESTON POPE (see RELIGION) and 60 other members of Christian Action, a national organization of Protestants:

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER has often stood for patience and moderation as well as firmness in the Far East, even without the support of some of his chief advisers and against the pressures of those who hold that the United States could and should recapture the China mainland for the Chinese Nationalist Government. But [we] are deeply troubled by Mr. Dulles' speech in which he warned that under certain circumstances the U.S. would employ military force to defend Quemoy and Matsu.

We are deeply sympathetic with the concern that the free world not withdraw and acquiesce in the face of Communist show of strength in the Far East. Yet the position implied by Mr. Dulles' threats is highly questionable. Such a moral justification is seriously lacking in the case of the off-shore islands. We hold that the assumption [that the islands must be kept as possible steppingstones to the reconquest of the China mainland] is an illusion which has only explosive potentialities. The more reasonable place to draw the line of the defense perimeter of the free world is around Formosa and the Pescadores.

We recognize that there may be an intentional ambiguity in U.S. policy with respect to these islands. The argument is that it is politically advantageous to keep Peiping guessing and politically necessary to maintain the morale of the Chinese Nationalists and to placate their extreme American supporters. We believe, nevertheless, that keeping our allies and worldwide public opinion guessing and fearful of our intentions is too great a price to pay for this doubtful political advantage. The strength of the free world is based upon genuine cooperation and mutual trust among the free nations, not upon our ability to confuse and frighten the Communist bloc or to bolster the illusions of the Chinese Nationalist Government.

U.S. MUST OPEN MARKETS TO JAPAN

J. D. ZELLERBACH, president of Crown Zellerbach Corp., before a meeting of the American Paper and Pulp Association in New York:

As a former protectionist, I want to explain why I have become convinced that the United States urgently needs to liberalize its foreign trade policy. We

cannot hope to survive as free men—much less operate prosperous businesses—unless the Communist drive for world domination is checked. We cannot check Communist imperialism without strong allies. And we cannot have strong allies over the long haul unless the free world is liberated from crippling and divisive trade restrictions.

I have seen our trade restrictions undercut our foreign policy many times while representing the United States abroad. In Italy I had the task of stimulating production and foreign trade so that the Italians could earn their way in the world, so that they could keep a democratic government, so that they could contribute troops and weapons and bases to the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. Then I have seen us raise tariffs to prevent the Italians from selling us some of the very products we had urged them to make and export to us, so they could earn dollars to buy needed American products from us.

We want the Japanese to limit their trade with Communist China for strategic reasons. But to compensate for its former large trade with mainland China, Japan must find greater outlets in the free world. We must open our markets to Japan or risk the greatest industrial nation in Asia slipping into the Communist orbit—either by the sheer necessity of trading with the Chinese Communists, or by growing economic distress leading to internal Communist subversion.

We have come to the crossroads—we must make a choice now whether we will lead the free world forward to widening markets and expanding production, or permit it to lapse into intensified economic nationalism and political division.

REDS WANT TO DRIVE U.S. FROM EURASIA

The London ECONOMIST:

ONE of the characteristics of the new [Russian] regime is the jettisoning of the suave manner of the Malenkov period. Now the Russians are back at the familiar task of making simple propaganda for simple minds out of the whole disarmament question. It should now be clear for all to see that in Soviet eyes questions such as West German rearmament are secondary to the central aim of driving the Americans out of the whole Eurasian continent.

And when one comes down to this bedrock, it may be expected that the West will show a heartening degree of unity; few, even among the Bevanites, the German Social-Democrats and the French neutralists, really want to see the Americans retire to Kansas while the Russians retain their grip on Eastern Europe. Western leadership, then, faces

a dual task. The point has to be patiently and consistently put across to the Russians that NATO and all other arrangements under which American forces provide a shield for smaller countries are vital to western defense (and to defense only). Meanwhile the western people themselves have to be reminded that the Communist objective is, and was throughout the Malenkov era, nothing less than domination of a Eurasia uncluttered by American presence or American power.

NEEDED: GREATER ACCESS TO ATOMIC INFORMATION

FRANCIS K. McCUNE, head of General Electric Co.'s Atomic Products Division, testifying before the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy:

IF industry is expected to plan its own future course in atomic work, it clearly requires broader access to information. Without adequate information industry cannot be expected to show real initiative. This is a point of the most crucial importance to the success of the atomic program.

The more widely atomic information is distributed the greater the risk will be that some information will get into unfriendly hands. The justification for accepting such risks lies in confidence in the potentialities of American industry. It rests on the belief that the information which must be declassified will produce greater advances by American industry than the increased "leakage" of information will produce behind the Iron Curtain. I submit that this belief is justified by the past performance of American industry.

ATOMIC WEAPONS LESENSE WAR RISK

COLUMNIST DAVID LAWRENCE:

SOMETHING of tremendous significance has emerged lately which can best be described as a confidence that World War III is not imminent nor likely to occur in the next few years.

There is evidence that some time within the last few months both [the U.S. and Britain] came to the conclusion that it was safe to maintain conventional armaments at present levels or even on a reduced basis because the progress on the nuclear weapon side had become almost fantastic in its potentiality.

Briefly, the concept is that Soviet Russia not only will not venture to start a big war but will restrain her allies, including Red China, from doing so.

As information about the potential power of the new weapons becomes available to all governments, the probability of a conflict is reduced almost to the vanishing point.

FOREIGN NEWS

INDIA

The Impact of Andhra

From the South Indian state of Andhra last week came a stunning and unexpected check to the Communist advance in Asia. This was the place—a wrench-shaped "linguistic state" of 21 million Telugu-speaking people carved out of its neighbors in 1953—which the Communists had confidently expected to make their first political base in India. They talked extravagantly of turning Andhra into their "Yenan," a citadel from which they could subvert the rest of India. They already had 46 seats, only seven fewer than the Congress Party, in the state assembly. Andhra is their kind of breeding ground: a place of extreme and uncaring wealth, and of miserable poverty. In Andhra four in every ten people are tenant farmers and landless agricultural laborers, susceptible to Communist promises.

The Upset. Rich and well-organized, Andhra's Communist Party went into the election campaign confidently. Last week the returns from the 8,000,000 voters were almost all in. The Communists had lost more than 80% of their strength in a sudden, numbing landslide. They managed to hold only ten of their former 41 seats against a towering new total of 120 seats for a democratic Congress Party coalition. Andhra's Communist leader, Nagi Reddi, was beaten. India's national Communist leader, Ajoy Ghosh, was reduced to humble mumbling about "my weaknesses and shortcomings." The fundamental Communist strategy of conquering free India legally through the ballot box, into which six years of painstaking work had gone, lay defeated and discredited. "I do not understand how it happened," muttered one Andhra Communist, a gaunt man with curly hair, whose job it had been to subvert the untouchables. "The stupid, dumb, illiterate masses have let us down. We should go underground and recommence our violent struggle."

The Communists had lost ground especially among Andhra's farmers, tenants and literate white-collar workers, who had once been disposed to support them. "I was attracted to Communism," said Krishna Rao, a bank clerk, "because the Reds supported our wage demands and condemned bankers. I participated in meetings where people shouted 'Death to Capitalists.' but I was shocked when I found out that my own household help was shouting 'Death to Exploiters of Toiling Domestic Servants!'"

The Hard Line. Two months ago, Jawaharlal Nehru, alerted to the menacing possibility of Andhra, flew down to campaign there for two days. His old crowd magic failed. On a wishy-washy neutralist platform (he admired "Communism," but opposed its "methods"), he got nowhere. In desperation, the tough Congress Party politicos sent in one of the toughest



Jim Burke—Life
CONGRESS PARTY'S PATIL
Tough enough for roses.

of their lot, S. K. ("Eskay") Patil, former mayor of Bombay.

Eskay Patil fired corrupt, naive and inefficient Congress ward bosses. While Nehru spoke softly abroad of Communists, Patil plastered Andhra with lurid pictures of Communist atrocities in Red China (TIME, Jan. 31). He exploited the fall of Malenkov as proof of Communist failure and decay. "Five acres per peasant—we will give you land," the Communists insistently proclaimed. "Give the Reds your vote," Eskay Patil responded, "and you give away your freedom."



Jim Burke—Life
COMMUNIST GHOSH
Reduced to humble mumbles.

After their triumph in Andhra, Congress Party workers tossed garlands of roses around the necks of their successful candidates and cried: "Long live Mahatma Gandhi!" Said one: "We've proved that democrats can beat the Communists in Asia as they can in Europe and America." Across the width of Indian democracy, the impact of Andhra spread. It might even, if all were well, reach the convoluted inner recesses of Jawaharlal Nehru's mind. "Andhra shows," said one Congress leader in New Delhi, "that popular support for Communism exists only in our own imagination. Andhra shows that India's masses will welcome and follow a bold lead. The myth that we anti-Communists should not openly speak our minds . . . has been exploded."

COLD WAR

Defense by Deterrents

In a moving, majestic speech, the world's greatest orator last week came to grips with the hydrogen bomb. By his own oft-repeated statement, 80-year-old Sir Winston Churchill has had the bomb constantly in his mind, particularly since that April day in 1954 when the first public image of the hydrogen fireball billowed out of the photographs into the minds of men. Now, his shock behind him, his desperation gone, Churchill gave splendid utterance to the belief that has guided the U.S. ever since Hiroshima: that nuclear fission spells hope, as well as horror, for mankind.

Small Wooden Box. Churchill rose to a silent and expectant House of Commons. His notes lay before him; his hearing aid was in place. As he offered the government motion, approving Britain's 1955 Defense estimates, his voice, gathering strength, carried the familiar lisping growl to every corner of the chamber. Churchill plunged into his subject by slapping the sides of the dispatch box.

"It is now the fact," he growled, "that a quantity of plutonium, probably less than would fill this box on the table" . . . would suffice to produce weapons which would give undisputed world domination to any great power which was the only one to have it. There is no absolute defense against the hydrogen bomb . . . [Before its consequences] imagination stands appalled."

Bomb of Our Own. "What ought we to do?" cried Churchill, and paused as if hoping for an answer. "It does not matter so much to old people; they are going soon anyway, but find it poignant to look at youth in all its activity and ardor and, most of all, to watch little children playing their merry games, and wonder what would lie before them if God weared of mankind."

* The wooden dispatch box is about the size of a case of Scotch: two feet long, 18 inches wide, 12 inches high.

Disarmament would be the best solution, said Churchill. "But facts are stubborn things," and one of the stubbornest is that the Soviet government refuses to accept "any practical system of international inspection." The West therefore has "only one sane policy in the next few years. That is what we call defense through deterrents."

Thus far, the H-bomb is the only real deterrent. Britain therefore must have H-bombs of its own. "Unless we make a contribution," Sir Winston rumbled, "we cannot be sure that the targets which would threaten us most [e.g., Soviet missile installations, submarine bases], would be given what we consider the necessary priority in the first few hours."

Besides, Churchill implied, Whitehall's ability to sway U.S. policymaking is in direct proportion to British deterrent strength. "Personally," he said, "I cannot feel that we should have much influence over [U.S.] policy or actions, wise or unwise, while we are largely dependent, as we are today, upon their protection."

Peace for Four Years? The Prime Minister glanced down at his pile of notes containing a digest of British intelligence reports and produced a piece of startling news. Russia is not in a position to deliver the hydrogen bomb, he said. "The only country which is able to deliver today a full-scale nuclear attack with hydrogen bombs, at a few hours' notice, is the U.S." And that, said Churchill in a characteristic piece of understatement, "is from some points of view—and to some of us—not entirely without comfort."

Of course, Sir Winston warned, the nuclear deterrent doctrine "does not cover the case of lunatics or dictators in the mood of Hitler when he found himself in his final dugout." But assuming the men in the Kremlin have regard for their own interests, Churchill predicted that a general war is unlikely for at least three or four years.

"During that period it is most unlikely that the Russians would . . . attempt a surprise attack . . . which would bring down upon them at once a crushing weight of nuclear retaliation. In three or four years' time—it may be even less—the scene will be changed. The Soviets will probably stand possessed of hydrogen bombs and the means of delivering them not only on the United Kingdom but on North American targets. They may have then reached a stage not indeed of parity with the U.S. and Britain, but of what is called 'saturation' . . . where although one power is stronger, perhaps much stronger, both are capable of inflicting crippling or quasi-mortal injury on the other."

Equality of Annihilation. Is war the more likely once East and West reach thermonuclear stalemate? On the contrary, said Churchill, the danger will probably diminish because "both sides will then realize that global war would result in mutual annihilation." Churchill developed a theme in which he has found new encouragement: the H-bomb's "vast range of destruction" has put continents

"on an equality, or near-equality of vulnerability with our small, densely populated island . . . I have hoped for a long time for a top-level conference where these matters could be put plainly and bluntly . . . Then it may be that we shall by a process of sublime irony have reached a stage in this story where safety will be the sturdy child of terror, and survival the twin brother of annihilation."

He paused and fumbled with his spectacles to let his ringing phrases sink home. His peroration brought a new burst of eloquence: "All deterrents will improve and gain authority during the next ten years. By that time, the deterrent may well reach its acme and reap its final reward, [enabling] tormented generations to march forth serene and triumphant from the hideous epoch in which we have to dwell."

"Meanwhile, never flinch, never weary, never despair."

A deep roar of approval greeted the



Larry Burrows—Life

PRIME MINISTER CHURCHILL
Never flinch, never weary, never despair.

stouthearted old man as he went back to his place on the Tory front bench. Even London's hostile *Daily Mirror*, which is forever demanding that Churchill resign because of "senility," conceded that he had been "at his very best." Yet despite its impressive rhetoric and reassuring confidence, Churchill's speech was flawed by an inconsistency which Left-Winger Nye Bevan was quick to exploit next day in the House.

"The mediocrity of his thinking is concealed by the majesty of his language," sneered Socialist Bevan. While maintaining that the only effective guarantee of peace is Western superiority in nuclear weapons, Churchill had argued that peace may be even surer when the "saturation point" is reached and the West's advantage slips away. "The right honorable gentleman said yesterday he would meet the

Soviet leaders and talk tough and then have supper," said Bevan at his most biting. "The last supper, I presume. Because if those Soviet leaders can talk tough now . . . they can talk even tougher [when they have H-bomb parity]."

"I Was Struck Down." Bevan's solution was standard for politicians of his persuasion: negotiate now, while the West is ahead. He mischievously accused the Prime Minister of failing to confer with the Soviet leaders "because we are now at the mercy of the U.S."

"Absolutely wrong," snapped Sir Winston, getting to his feet. It was true that after Stalin's death he had tried to enlist Eisenhower's approval for a "parley at the summit," said Churchill, but at that point "I was struck down by a very sudden illness which paralyzed me completely, physically." The old man illustrated by rubbing his right hand from his left shoulder down to his knee. It was the first time many M.P.s had realized that the Prime Minister's illness in 1953 was a stroke, and the House was shocked to silence as he said, with moving simplicity: "That is why I had to put it all off, and it was not found possible to persuade President Eisenhower to join in that process."

Voice weak and head heavy, Churchill went on to say that he had then considered "a dual meeting" with the Russians, without the U.S., "at some neutral place such as Stockholm." Whitehall has never admitted that the Prime Minister went that far, and when TIME reported it last July, the Foreign Office issued an official denial.

Sermon on the Mount. Nye Bevan was delighted with the answer he had provoked. "Complete confirmation of what I have said," he smirked, as he returned to the attack. His new target was not Churchill but his own party leader, Clement Attlee. The Labor leader had moved a vote of censure against the Tories for the shortcomings of British defense production (jet fighters, atom-bombers, guided missiles), but had fully accepted Churchill's decision to build an H-bomb and to ensure German rearmament before trying anew for Russian talks. Bevan's way of defying these decisions without risking expulsion from his party was to persuade his own supporters to abstain from Labor's vote of censure.

When the vote came, Labor's motion to censure the Churchill government lost overwhelmingly: 303 to 196, with 57 Bevanite abstentions. At week's end, Clem Attlee felt impelled to make it clear that the vast majority of the British Labor Party supports the Tory decision to use H-bombs if necessary. Addressing the Oxford University Labor Club, Attlee also advised all those, including Churchill and Bevan, who set such store by Big Three talks: "It's no good going to the Kremlin and thinking you can read them the Sermon on the Mount . . . They are tough people, and they certainly don't believe in moral sentiments. Everything they do is for self-interest, and one has to face up to it."

JAPAN

Land of the Reluctant Sparrows [See Cover]

Once upon a time, goes a story, there was an Emperor who was particularly fond of cherries. When he discovered one day that the sparrows were eating his cherries, he decreed that all sparrows must be killed or driven away. But with the birds gone, the beetles abounded. They overran the orchards and devoured the crops. The Emperor, rueful of his error, ordered the sparrows back.

It is now ten years since the Allies drove the Japanese back to the cage of their meager islands and forbade them ever to bear arms again. It is three years since the West ruefully reversed course, gave the Japanese their independence, and

absentee ballots. "Despite the fact that our bodies will be here on election day," they pleaded, "our souls will be in Nirvana." Some 38 million other Japanese, a remarkable 75.8% of the electorate,^o clambered to the polls.

In the dingy Tokyo headquarters of the Democratic Party, the sounds of celebration began almost with the first returns. Though the Democratic Party is only three months old, it stole the thunder, many of the members and thousands of the votes of the recently dominant Liberal Party. Each time a Democrat's election was clinched, party workers pounded a lacquered drum and the crowd shouted, "Banzai! Banzai! Banzai!" By morning they had banzained themselves hoarse.

The man who made the victory relaxed under a pre-breakfast massage in his 13-

power and then grabbing it back. At last, at 72, he had unfurled the long-dusty banners of Japanese nationalism and marched with them to his life's goal.

Jovially, he descended to join the celebrators. Partially paralyzed from a cerebral stroke, he got about with the aid of a gnarled black cane or the arm of an aide, but even in feebleness he had a courtly air. He wore, as he always does, well-cut Western clothes. His small bronze face sat satisfactorily behind round black spectacles that looked, in a certain light, as if they had been painted on by Bobby Clark's makeup man. Beneath a hesitant growth of gray mustache his round mouth was flattened into a broad grin. "What would you like for breakfast?" someone shouted. "More votes," grinned Ichiro.

Identical Pin-Stripes. In the final tally, Hatoyama got more votes (149,541) than any Japanese Diet candidate in history. The transfer of power from the Liberals of ex-Premier Shigeru Yoshida to Hatoyama's Democrats was in great part a result of Hatoyama's personal popularity; his canny exploitation of Japan's disillusionment with his highhanded and distant predecessor, Yoshida. But, as Hatoyama was among the first to acknowledge, his mandate went far deeper than a change of personalities. In sweeping out the Liberals, the Japanese were sweeping away a regime that represented to the majority of Japanese a decade of meek complaisance to the commands and suggestions of the U.S. occupiers. Yoshida was re-elected from his own Kochi district last week, and his dramatic Foreign Minister ran a dramatically repudiated eighth in a nine-man race.

In place of the Yoshida men, the electorate had turned to men of almost identical pin-stripe; indeed, some were the very same men. But they wore new colors—more independence from the U.S.: negotiations with the Chinese Communists and Russia; some second thoughts about rearming and lining up on the Western side of the cold war. ". . . I feel that alignment only with the Western nations and the ignoring of the Communist nations . . . could lead to a third world war," said Ichiro Hatoyama. "I would like to awaken the people to a deeper, more serious sense of their independence."

A Tokyo businessman put it more crudely. "Yoshida," he said, "sold Japan from under his kimono, like a Parisian selling dirty pictures. Hatoyama is different. He is like a brand-new shopkeeper on the Ginza—his door is open to everybody."

Niggardly Rewards. The shopkeeper's shop is like no other on the face of the globe. It is a strange, oriental apothecary shop where a mysterious alchemy of history has produced a foaming blend of East and West and a ferment of contradictions. Old conflicts with new, beauty with ugliness, prejudice with progress. Pride in past greatness collides with shame for the way the brief greatness was misused. Ambitions for the future collide with a poverty of the means to build with. Some 38 million people, endowed with extraordinary energy, ingenuity and elasticity, struggle with



Photo: Representative

THE HATOYAMAS WITH DAUGHTERS & GRANDCHILDREN
Between the jostle and the ceremony, a sort of coexistence.

bade them return and join in the defense against Communism.

But the restless, dynamic and ingenious people of Japan are not so movable or removable as the Emperor's sparrows. These sparrows have the vote. With pencil and ballot box, they notified the outside world last week that Japan has emerged from the passivity of defeat to seize and assert its independence.

Souls in Nirvana. By the millions, the Japanese went to the polls to elect a new parliament. The last blandishments blared from loudspeaker trucks. An enormous white vinyl balloon in the shape of a pigeon bobbed in the sunshine over Tokyo, soliciting votes for the Democratic Party of Ichiro Hatoyama, the caretaker Premier who aspired to a longer lease on the job. The election was as orderly as any in the West, but with occasional trimmings that were made in Japan. In the temple city of Nara, officials rejected the request of eleven Buddhists who, engaged in a religious retreat, insisted that they needed

room, Western-style house on a hill in central Tokyo, while supporters trooped in with sake, beer, and trays of *tai* fish for a long day of celebration. For most of his adult life, Ichiro Hatoyama has longed to govern Japan. In fact, even before he was born, his politician father intended him to be a politician, and his mother, a woman of learning and vigor who believed that a child in the womb is shaped by the mother's thoughts, carefully limited her pregnancy reading to biographies of great men and politicians. "I do not wish to give birth to a child with a small mind," Haruko Hatoyama wrote in her diary.

It had taken Ichiro Hatoyama a near lifetime of nimble politicking and Diet brawling, of playing along with Japan's prewar militarists and yet surviving them, of being purged by the U.S. occupiers and turning the purging to profit, of losing

^o Compared to 63% in the 1952 U.S. presidential elections.



Jun Miki-Leng

JAPANESE VOTERS LISTENING TO CAMPAIGN SPEECH
After the possibility of defeat, a new assertion of independence.

land that can pay but niggardly rewards even to the most industrious.

The Tokyo sky, soft as the tint of a Hiroshige print, is punctured by the girders of the tallest TV tower in Asia. The Emperor's pine trees stand, as they have for generations, near the weathered walls of the imperial palace, but the trees are slowly dying from Tokyo's 20th century soot. In magnificent settings all lacquer and silk, with costumes and gestures that have barely changed for centuries, Kabuki and No players perform the weirdly beautiful theater of old Japan. To this day, young men go out into winter woods and deliberately scratch away their normal voices, then painstakingly build new voices that can boom like tympani or wail like flutes for the Kabuki dialogues. Not many blocks away, in neon-glaring bars and cabarets with such names as "America" or "Atomic" or "Grunman" (for the U.S. Navy fighter planes), sloe-eyed girls in satin gowns dispense sin by the drink, and chorus girls bump and grind en masse to cheap Western tunes; not content with the miserly Occidental custom of one stripper at a time, Tokyo has blended Minsky with the Radio City Rockettes.

In the capital, as in the smoking industrial cities to the south, ugliness is what first catches the eye. Tokyo, the world's third largest (pop. 7,800,000) and one of its most sprawling cities, is a nerve-jangling centrifuge of electric trains and streetcars, buses, suicidally driven taxis (Japanese and foreigners alike call them "Kamikaze cabs"), coughing motorcycles, bamboo-loaded handcarts. Seemingly endowed with more elbows than New Yorkers, crowds surge in uncaring haste through the streets. Advertising balloons float above new glass-and-chrome office buildings, smoke clouds spew up from 10,000 rickety, small factories in the Tokyo area which produce a deluge of goods—delicate

brocades, electric generators, aircraft engines, dried seaweed to eat, and cosmetics of nightingale dung for geisha girls.

Like cheap cosmetics, many of the conquerors' customs have rubbed off on the conquered. Thousands pour money into a pinball game called *pachinko*, played with steel balls which the Socialists solemnly insist are made to double for shrapnel when rearment comes. The bobby-sox passion is the Audrey Hepburn hairdo (U.S. movies grossed \$24 million in Japan last year and *Roman Holiday* accounted for \$1,000,000 of it). *Sh-Boom*, *Sh-Boom* pours from radio sets, and at least three "mambo kings" are playing near the Ginza. The Japanese baseball

teams have just gone south for spring training.

It is all real, but really only a part of Japan. The stenographer who trips along in high heels and Western dress is often hurrying home for a quiet lesson in flower arranging. The man who elbows his way into an elevator jammed with strangers will a moment later bow two or three ceremonial bows to an acquaintance. The Western-tailored businessman returns at night to a severely plain house of wood and paper. At the entrance he takes off his shoes, steps onto a straw mat (*tatami*), changes into a kimono and walks straight out of the Western world until tomorrow morning. The central room, except for mats and sliding panels and perhaps a low table, is without furniture; the eye is left free to contemplate the one picture and the single flicker of white plum blossom arranged carefully beneath it.

The factory worker's home in Osaka or the farmer's on Kyushu will be smaller and meaner, but it too will have half a dozen or more prints to be hung, one at a time, and contemplated according to the seasons. Each object, each gesture gives off a melancholy beauty inimitably Japanese. All is so precisely arranged that a wisp of dried fern or a few swirls of gravel in a garden may seem more overpowering than an Alpine view; a slightly disarranged bamboo blind can suggest chaos.

Something Borrowed. Between these two ways of life, between the jostle and the ceremony, the Japanese maintain a sort of coexistence, each facet rubbing against and invisibly changing the other, but never allowed quite to melt into one pattern. This frictional interplay was going on long before the Americans arrived with their atomic bombs, occupation army and MacArthur's new constitution. For 70 remarkable years after Commodore Perry steamed into Uraga Harbor, Japan, under



EMPEROR MEIJI
From Confucius to the Leica.

the enlightened reign of Emperor Meiji, force-fed itself on all the Western notions, inventions, techniques and customs it could absorb.

Just as, 14 centuries earlier, they had borrowed the essentials of their nationhood from Asia—the writing and art of China, the advanced mores of Korea, the ethic of Confucius, the religion of Buddha—the Japanese in the Meiji period borrowed the makings of a second way of life, and wrought history's most remarkable transformation. The cocoon of medieval primitivism was broken and Japan emerged a modern world power—the first and only industrial nation of the Orient.

From the industrial revolution the Japanese borrowed the factory (Japan got steel mills almost as early as home looms); from the English they borrowed Parliament, from the Latins a brawling way of running it, and from Tammany Hall the ways to get around it. The new Japanese army was modeled after Prussia's, the navy after Britain's, and the battleships came by way of the latest designs of Clydeside and Newport News, Va. The Japanese bought Manhattan's disassembled Sixth Avenue Elevated as scrap iron (and returned it later with a bang). They also borrowed, from Britain's successful example of the 17th to 19th centuries, the notion that a poor island nation has a right and a destiny to build an empire. What they could not get by borrowing or adapting, they went after with a savagery that bloodied history with the rape of Nanking and the death march of Bataan.

Centuries of borrowing gave Japan a reputation as a nation of agile mimics; Japanese even coined an ugly word for themselves—*sarumane* (monkey-imitators)—to use in candid introspective moments. But at the core there was a quality distinctly Japanese, that took or rejected, or sometimes transformed, everything foreign, from Confucius' rules of behavior to a Leica lens.

Indelible Marks. Not even the U.S. occupation could break down the immutable process of selective absorption. Occupied for the first time in its history, Japan bent, bowed and stretched to the penances of defeat. It grasped eagerly at the authority that floated in behind a corncock pipe on the U.S. *Missouri* to replace the authority that died with the Tojos. Its outward bitterness in defeat was directed not so much against the triumphal strangers who had used Japan as the first targets for the A-bomb, but at its own returning soldiers. Instead of sympathy, the returning veterans were greeted with coldness, and even with jeers in their home towns. They had failed.

The Japan of ten years later is imprinted with indelible marks of U.S. occupation, but far less than and in different ways from those the occupiers intended. The once divine Emperor is now a constitutional monarch, comfortable to have around and to bow to, but without power that he might abuse. Land reform has broken down the prewar imbalance under which only 30% of the farmers owned the

land they farmed: by last year, only about 1,000,000 acres were tenant-farmed v. 6,000,000 in 1945.

The purging of imperialistic textbooks and the broadening of public education has improved a system which even before the war achieved a literacy rate of 97%. Women have the vote and use it (about 18 million in last week's election), though many probably voted the way their husbands directed, and most still live the hard but dignified lives of chattels, obedient to the wishes of husbands who often invoke the medieval right to spend their free time in the salons of the geishas or the chambers of their concubines. The *zaibatsu*—the handful of family trusts



From Japan by Werner Birchof, Simon & Schuster
DISABLED VETERAN

The groves are two square feet.

that owned Japan's commerce, banking and industry—have been gradually returning since the U.S. realized that breaking them up had left Japan without foundation for its postwar economy. The imposed MacArthur constitution still stands as the code by which the government governs. But it is subject to the governors' interpretation of phrases which often have scant practical meaning or attraction for the Japanese mind.

Empire Game. There is still much that the Japanese would like to discard ("Not because we have grown to hate Americans," explained one Japanese, "but because we have got tired of them."), but they cannot. Though they have found their way back to sovereignty, the Japanese have not found the way to stay alive without the help of the U.S.

With its empire gone, Japan is a harsh and meager land. It cannot feed itself. It cannot provide raw materials for its

factories. Its population grows by 1,000,000 a year, yet of its land—a total area smaller than California—a mere 17% is arable. Dirt is so precious that graves are limited to two square feet (cremation is almost universal in Japan). Factories, and the machines in them, are in advanced obsolescence. There are not enough jobs, though many tasks are featherbedded to employ two craftsmen, four janitors or two taximen where one would do. Costs and wages have gone up so much that Japan is no longer able to undersell everyone else in the world market. Eager British, German and other traders have invaded old Japanese markets. Some of the old customers—Indonesia, Burma, the Philippines—are still too mindful of Japanese aggression to want to do much business again. "No amount of amnesia on our part," a Japanese newspaper reminded its readers recently, "will erase the impressions made on the minds of the injured parties." World War II wiped out Japan's captive markets in Korea, Formosa and Manchuria, and the cold war has closed the door to trade with mainland China. Yet the old cries of Japanese underselling are still heard. Item: in Dublin last week, the Irish Rosary Council protested that even a 37.5% import duty was insufficient to keep out Japanese rosaries.

"Export or die" has long been Japan's watchword. There is danger that it will turn into an epitaph. While they should have been sacrificing and skimping at home to retool for export, Japan's politicians and businessmen frittered away time and resources in loose planning, uncontrolled lending, lavish government subsidies, politically expedient tax reductions, a spurge of domestic production and a rash of corruption. Under Yoshida the country did not begin until last year the gestures of discipline and austerity that were needed. The gestures helped—only eight months ago economists were predicting total economic collapse. But gestures are far from enough. Japan needs an austerity at least as stringent as Britain and West Germany went through, and it needs a leader whose government will tug at the belt until it bends the very national backbone.

Leader in the Middle. For all his political canniness and his present popularity, it is by no means certain that aged, crippled Ichiro Hatoyama is the one who can do the job. He is essentially a politician, a man who made his way up by nifty deals across the go and mah-jongg tables, by tough brawling in the Diet (once he rushed to the rostrum and tried to punch a fellow Diet member in the nose), and by tacking with the winds of national sentiment. "He is not the kind of leader who stands out and looks down on the people," said a friend, "but more the kind who leads by standing in the middle of them."

His manner and his mode of living are Western. Brought up on John Wesley and Adam Smith, he worshipped for years as a Christian, and still devotes several hours

a week to robust singing of Christian hymns. But when the militarists took over in the '30s to pursue their dream of empire, Hatoyama accepted it, endorsed it on a tour of foreign capitals, wrote a book praising Hitler and Mussolini. He was not close enough to the team to be completely trusted, so before war's end he was nudged into retirement; but he was not clean enough to pass the occupation's purview, and was purged (along with 201,815 other Japanese) after he had formed the postwar Liberal Party and was about to become Premier.

Until he could return, Hatoyama entrusted the Liberal Party to his good friend Yoshida. By the time he was depurged five years later, Hatoyama had been laid low by a stroke, and tough-minded Shigeru Yoshida had grown too attached to the job to relinquish it. Hatoyama bided his time until the conservatives and their business backers began chafing under Yoshida's leadership, and the public began showing its irritation with the remnants of U.S. occupation and those who cooperated with it. All that was then necessary was a shrewd deal across the game tables. Overnight last fall, a chunk of the Liberals broke off, styled themselves the Democrats, and chose Ichiro Hatoyama as their leader. Another convenient arrangement with the Yoshida-hating Socialists knocked the Premier out and brought Hatoyama in.

Wearing his purge record like a boutonniere and his physical handicaps with a winning courage, the temporary Premier overlooked no opportunity to nail down his job. In the tradition of prewar Premiers, he hurried to the great Ise shrines to notify the Shinto gods of his election—a gesture of nationalism and a studied slap at foreigners who had tried to reduce the chauvinistic role of Shintoism. He distributed promises—cheaper fertilizer, lower taxes, more jobs. But most of all he appealed to Japan's reawakened pride as a nation, able once more to stand on its own, free to make foreign friends and commitments as it pleased.

This strategy has made Hatoyama's newborn Democrats the dominant party in Japan. Last week they won 185 of the 467 seats in the Diet. Yoshida's Liberals (now guided by Taketora Ogata) were reduced to 112 seats. With nowhere else to go but into coalition with their fellow conservatives, Ogata promptly announced that the Liberals would support Hatoyama. Hatoyama may not be in charge for long, but he talks confidently of carrying on for two years. Out of this alliance may come one strong, conservative party, and with Right and Left Socialists also talking merger, a two-party system may emerge in Japan.

Hatoyama, with the help of the Liberals, has a clear majority to conduct the day-to-day business of governing. But he does not have the two-thirds majority necessary for changes in the constitution. A leftward swing in national sentiment chopped another 21 seats away from the Liberals and transferred them to the two

Socialist groups. The Socialists differ on many issues (the left-wing group often runs close to the Communist line), but they emphatically agree in their opposition to Japanese rearmament. Counting miscellaneous left-wing Deputies (among them two Communists), the Socialists can block any amendment to the MacArthur constitution. This, to the barely concealed satisfaction of most of the conservatives, means that the Diet will probably not erase the no-war clause from its constitution in response to the current U.S. desire for Japanese rearmament.

Trade & Cooperation. "Cooperation with the U.S.," says Hatoyama with a polite smile, "is the basic policy of a



HATOYAMA (AT 11) & FATHER
The Shinto gods were notified.

Japanese government." He also believes that "Soviet intentions toward world domination are still there." Nevertheless, this wealthy and conservative politician is eager to negotiate a peace settlement with the Russians, and is convinced that trade with Communist China is vital to Japan's revival. The statistics suggest otherwise—China accounted for only about 12% of Japan's prewar trade—but the vision whets the desires of many Japanese. "I am convinced that China has no idea of trying to conquer Japan through Communist infiltration and violence," says Premier Hatoyama. "Right now I see no reason for regarding China as an enemy."

Desire for Neutralism. Looking ahead, some Westerners fear a revived Japanese appetite for conquest, but the appetite, if it exists, would be hard to gratify without the great war-making resources of Manchuria and the food-producing potential of Formosa, which are both now

lost to Japan. A livelier concern to the U.S. is the possibility that an independent Japan might one day be drawn too close to the Communist mainland. In Communist theorizing, Japan, the Ruhr of the Orient, is the big prize in the East.

"If, under economic pressures, Japan should feel forced to accept political arrangements with the Communist mainland," said U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles at Bangkok last fortnight, "that would surely have a grave effect upon the entire free world position in Asia. All of us know what it meant to combat Japan alone . . . If there should be combined at any time under international Communism the power of Soviet Russia in Asia, of Communist China, and the industrial capability of Japan—if all three were a unit of force, then, I think, we must recognize that our position . . . would be extremely precarious."

So far, to judge by the campaign appeals that proved most powerful, the dominant wish of the Japanese, ten years after Hiroshima and surrender, is to have the best of two worlds. They yearn to be neutralist—and mean by that a nimble sort of neutralism which would provide them with the continuing money, protection and support of the U.S. while leaving them free to dicker and deal with the Communists. It is a dream others have had, too. But being what they are and where they are, the Japanese can hardly hope to avoid the angry winds around their wood and paper houses.

THE PHILIPPINES

Victory for Magsaysay

Ramon Magsaysay, the forthright, free-wheeling young (47) President of the Philippines, is one of the staunchest friends the U.S. has in Asia. His vast popularity in the country and the immense Philippine good will towards the U.S. is often not reflected in Congress, where shrewd politicians in Magsaysay's own *Nacionalista* Party often succeed in putting a brake on him. Chief among them is Senator Claro Recto, 65, a brilliant, caustic lawyer who has never forgotten or forgiven the U.S. for his being put in prison at World War II's end by Douglas MacArthur (Recto served as Foreign Minister under the Japanese occupation).

Last month President Magsaysay, encouraged by the U.S. decision to give treaty protection to Formosa and the Pescadores, strongly backed the U.S. "policy of firmness" and introduced in the Philippine Congress a resolution stating that "we stand squarely behind the U.S." Angry Claro Recto, an influential member of the Senate Foreign Affairs Committee, introduced a quibbling substitute motion, leaving out Magsaysay's words of approval and support, and reflecting Recto's neutralist way of thinking. For four weeks the Senate bitterly debated the matter. When it came to a vote last week, Neutralist Recto was utterly beaten. Of 22 sitting Senators, all but one voted with Magsaysay. The one: Claro Recto.

CAMBODIA

The King Steps Down

It was siesta time in Phnompenh, the capital of faraway Cambodia (pop. 4,500,000). No tamarind leaves stirred in the bright blue sky. In the monasteries saffron-robed Buddhist monks recited their scriptures; in the shuttered bazaars few bothered to tune their radios to a surprise communication from King Norodom Sihanouk, 32, their saxophone-playing monarch who had won Cambodia's independence from the French. "As your King," King Norodom was saying, "I can

into the spirit of his son's abdication. "My son Sihanouk will help me."

Ex-King Norodom, an impetuous young man, had quit his palace once before to get what he wanted: more independence from the French. He had kept his latest surprise all to himself: 48 hours before his abdication, he had lunched with visiting U.S. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles, and gave no hint of his plans.

The Rival. Only a month ago, Norodom called a public referendum and got an overwhelming endorsement of his rule. His ministers, however, are considerably less popular. The King's domestic opposi-



Howard Sochurek—Life

KING SURAMARIT, EX-KING NORODOM & QUEEN NORODOM SURAMARIT
By station wagon, out of a gilded cage.

no longer be useful to you. I beg you, permit me to leave my gilded cage."

In low-voiced Khmer, the recorded voice of King Norodom continued: "I announce publicly my intention to abandon power and the throne. I shall go down among my people, living with the humblest, taking nothing with me from the palace . . . I designate my parents to succeed me."

The Sick Old Man. King Norodom listened to the radio playback, tucked into a square meal prepared by D'Artagnan, the best chef in Cambodia, and then got into his blue station wagon to change palaces with his parents. His father, 59-year-old Prince Suramarit, has long been his close adviser; his mother, Princess Norodom Suramarit, is a handsome woman who has long kept a sharp, appraising eye upon her royal son's dancing girls and political enemies. "I am a sick old man," proclaimed the new King, getting

tion, the left-wing Democratic Party of Jungle Exile Son Ngoc Thanh (TIME, Feb. 21), complained to the neutral Truce Commission recently that King Norodom was about to violate the Geneva agreements. King Norodom had a project afoot to disfranchise Viet Minh Communists in next April's general elections, despite Geneva's insistence that everyone gets a vote. The commission's Indians, Canadians, and Polish Communists backed up the Democrats, and cautioned King Norodom not to violate Geneva (which the Communists have already violated in half a dozen more flagrant ways).

"I remain at your disposal if you ask me to help you," said Norodom, preparing to start a new popular movement among his people. Presumably, this meant that he would pit his own popularity, rather than that of his ministers, against Son Ngoc Thanh. Norodom's course, as usual, was a little uncertain, but certain to be hectic.

MIDDLE EAST

Border Battle

A waxing moon silvered the green hillside fields and sand dunes that make up the Gaza strip—the 6-mile by 30-mile sliver of Palestine crowded with 200,000 Arab refugees which Egypt rules under the armistice. Captain Mahmoud Ahmed Sadek, commander of a 35-man garrison guarding the ancient city of Gaza, had put his chair under a tree beside the trenches along the road. At the outpost up the hill toward the Israeli border, guards heard voices calling out in Arabic.

Suddenly, out of the calling dark, a burst of bullets smashed into the outpost. Five men crumbled and died. The sixth, badly wounded, lurched down the hill to warn Captain Sadek's garrison below. He never made it.

The Raiders. The Israeli hand, an estimated 200, burst across the border in three columns. One drove swiftly to the diesel pumping station, which supplies a major part of Gaza's water, and blew it up. While the center column attacked Captain Sadek's men, the third slipped along the railway track, fell upon the Egyptian barracks from the rear, and blew its steel-and-concrete buildings into twisted ruins. In the railway station, the marauders found two civilians. They shot them dead.

Egyptian headquarters dispatched reinforcements. Two miles south of Gaza, the Israelis lay in ambush, waiting. As a truck carrying 36 soldiers approached, they hurled a bomb. Blinded, the driver swerved off the road. The hidden Israelis opened a withering fire on the truck's open back, threw hand grenades at the soldiers who tried to scramble out. Twenty-two were killed; no one escaped unwounded.

Frustrated Fury. It was the bloodiest incident in the six bloody years of armistice along the troubled Egyptian-Israeli border. On the Egyptian side, Captain Sadek and 38 others were dead, including 19 Palestinian Arabs serving in the border guard. Eight Israelis were killed, 13 wounded. Said one Egyptian officer: "This must have been planned in a conference room, and on maps."

The 200,000 Arab refugees in the Gaza strip erupted in fury. In Gaza, rioters cursed the U.S., the U.N. and their Egyptian rulers, who keep them from going back home to Palestine. They stoned U.N. headquarters, burned U.N. vehicles, pulled down a U.N. flag. Crowds charged the U.N. relief-agency supply depots outside Khan Yunis, set fire to storehouses holding enough food and clothing to supply 50,000 refugees for one month. Said the Egyptian governor sadly: "These people were fed for six years by the United Nations, doing no work themselves. They got fed up with their lives."

Egypt's Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser made a show of patience. "We took the usual nonsense measures of submitting a complaint to the Security Council," he told reporters. To new U.S. Ambassador Henry Byroade, who was presenting his credentials, Egypt's Foreign Minister

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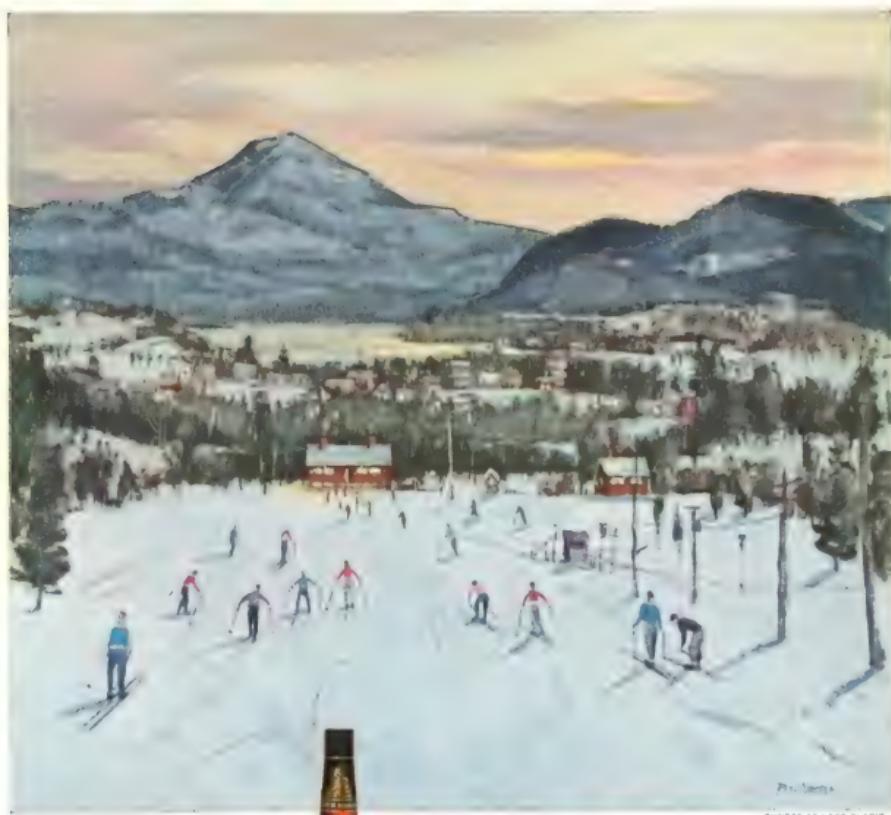
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Mahmoud Fawzi snapped, "Get your spoiled child to behave."

Israel promptly countered with complaints of its own, but failed to mention the Gaza incident. Though stating officially that the Israeli force was merely pursuing an Egyptian force which had violated the border first, Israeli officials all but admitted that the attack was as one official put it, "an explosion of long pent-up emotions." Israel, fearing that arms given to any Arabs will in time be used against her, is alarmed at the Turkish-Iraq pact, and has been accumulating grievances against Egypt.

Land of No Peace. The Gaza incident got a quick response from the U.N. Mixed Armistice Commission, which usually makes a long, slow investigation before blaming one side or the other. The commission's statement: "Last night Israel armed forces violently attacked Egyptian military forces near Gaza railway station. Automatic weapons, mortars, hand grenades and large quantities of explosives were used."

Egypt's Premier Nasser told a cheering audience of military cadets: "We say to Israel, 'We are ready for you' . . . If we enter war again, we . . . will give Israel a lesson they will never forget."

Despite his ferocious manner, observers pointed out that Nasser had merely said: "Don't do it again—or else." Called into special session, the U.N. Security Council asked for a full report from its Truce Commission before trying once more to establish a little quiet in a land where there is no peace.

GREAT BRITAIN

Such Fun

"Lady Docker knows nothing about playing marbles and she never will," rasped testy Mr. Burbridge, but the stern secretary of the British Marbles Board of Control did not know his woman. Few Britons would be so rash as to use the word "never" in connection with pert and bumptious Norah, wife of Daimler motorcars' fabulously rich Board Chairman Sir Bernard Docker. Last week, as if to confound Mr. Burbridge and his board, Lady Docker not only entered a charity marbles tournament at Castleford but won it handily in a tough field of sharpshooting factory girls and miners' daughters. "It was such fun playing with such nice people," bubbled Norah. To celebrate the triumph, Sir Bernard promptly tossed £1,000 into the charity's pot.

Obvious Enjoyment. If the Marbles Control Board found displeasure in all this, its feelings are shared by few Britons these days. Norah Docker, after a bad start, has won them around. A petite, full-figured blonde whose boundless energy and big, china-blue eyes belie her 48 years, she was born plain Norah Royce Turner, the daughter of a struggling automotive engineer in Birmingham. As such, she has always thought of herself as "a woman of the people," but Norah found her real place in life much later by marrying two

millionaire industrialists in succession. The first died of overwork, the second of overage. From their tragedies, Norah learned that "wealth without health is nothing." Well heeled in her own right and pining for companionship, Norah soon spotted another millionaire dining at Ciro's. "That man," she admits saying to herself as she gazed at Bernard Docker, "is just right for me. He's the right age; we both have money, and he obviously enjoys an evening's relaxation." For a while, Sir Bernard coyly resisted; then, characteristically, in 1948 he proposed by long-distance telephone when Norah was away in Sweden.

Ubiquitous Slaps. Ever since then, reports of Norah's fabulous parties, lavish spending and jewel-decked evening gowns have sparkled and glittered in the nation's press like fireworks. In the drab days of austerity, the Dockers' ostentation on the



THE DUCKERS AT PLAY
"Just because it's us, it's news."

Riviera stirred up a measure of bitterness: how could they live so well under foreign-exchange restrictions, newspapers sternly wanted to know. (Sir Bernard subsequently had to pay a £50 fine for a "trivial infringement.") Now that Britain itself has emerged from austerity, and knows Norah Docker better, the mood has changed.

"When I go out in the evening," she once said, "I like to look gorgeous, and since I can afford it, I buy the sort of fairy-tale dresses most women dream about—and most women would do the same in my position." Her explanation of the gold-plated Daimler given her by Sir Bernard was as simple as it was plausible—the car was built when there was a shortage of chromium. Norah Docker was amazed and saddened two years ago at the publicity that followed a little altercation she had with a stuffy Casino official at Monte Carlo. In answer to what she considered the gentleman's bad manners, Norah hauled off and threw a haymaker.

at him that resounded clear across the English Channel, but as she herself said: "People are slapping each other every night all up and down the Côte d'Azur, and just because it's us, it's news."

Few Britons could long resist such spirit, and best of all, Norah Docker is no snob. She has entertained the peerage, the *haute monde*, show folk and the Yorkshire coal miners of Haigh Pit with equal enthusiasm. "The dear boys," she said, at the end of a night-long binge as she told the miners goodbye, with a kiss for each, at the tailgate of her palatial yacht *Shemara*. "Sir Bernard and I just love them."

Last week, as Norah beamed and smiled after her triumph in the marbles ring, the Yorkshiremen gave every sign of returning the affection. "She's lark a chahid, ye know," said one of them. "She'll never grow oop, but she does have such fun."

RUSSIA

The Careerists

Georgy Malenkov's star shines dimly these days and Lavrenty Beria is dead, but the men and methods they sponsored still top in the Soviet Union.

Malenkov's career began in the Communist cell of the Moscow Higher Technical School, where he indoctrinated a group of men who added politics to engineering. When Malenkov moved up to be Stalin's personnel manager, these men became the new party commissars in technology and industry. At the same time Beria, reforming the secret police system after the vast purges of 1936-38, found specialists who knew how to exploit the labor of the millions in his prison camps. The two kinds of talent proved to be complementary and indispensable to Soviet government.

Last week Premier Bulganin named seven men to new posts in his inner Cabinet. Five of the seven were Malenkov or Beria "engineer-checkists."

Deputy Premier Anastas Mikoyan, the oil-line trade specialist who had suffered a temporary setback in the political infighting just before Malenkov's demotion, was restored to favor and promoted to a First Deputy Premier. Two cold-eyed Malenkov men, Mikhail Pervukhin and Maxim Saburov, were also raised to First Deputies. They thus now outrank Ex-Premier Malenkov, who is a plain Deputy Premier. Bulganin last week created four new plain Deputies. Most intriguing of the new men: Avraamy Zavenyagin, who was named Minister of Medium Machine Building, the cover name for Russia's nuclear production.

Zavenyagin was chief builder of Magnitogorsk, the huge industrial complex in the Urals, where he learned enough about forced labor to take over Beria's GULAG (prison camp organization) and establish Dalstroy and other vast slave-labor mining projects. For this he was made a colonel general of the MVD. His new appointment indicates a Russian desire to get cracking on nuclear matters.

THE HEMISPHERE

THE AMERICAS

Air Superiority

The U.S. Air Force last week tentatively agreed to sell 25 of its hot F-86F Sabre jet fighters to the Dominican Republic and 22 more to Venezuela. Other Latin American countries, shopping for similar planes, have always gulped at the cost and backed away. But Washington thought that the Dominican Republic and Venezuela, both prospering under well-heeled strongmen, would be willing to pay the price: \$9,000,000 and \$8,000,000 respectively.

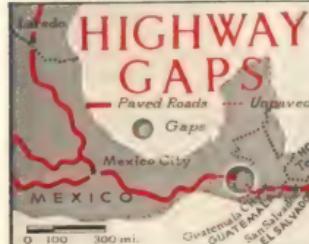
In the Caribbean, aspturately with small wars, 47 jet fighters mean overwhelming military strength. Four Thunderbolts in the Guatemalan revolution last year, and two Mustangs in the Costa Rican invasion this year, were enough to drive their enemies out of the air; jets would be even more efficient against the best prop jobs.

But if they get U.S. jets,* will the Dominican Republic and Venezuela be tempted to try them against their neighbors? Washington thinks not. The Organization of American States' peacekeeping machinery is currently in good repair. And neither of the two nations, though they like to stay militarily up to date, has ever shown much taste for foreign adventure—even on such a suitable occasion as the Korean war.

Panama by '59?

For the man in Flint or Fresno who dreams of some day loading the wife and kids in the family sedan and steering a few weeks later across the big swinging bridge over the Panama Canal, prospects looked a little brighter last week. Rolling up its maps in Mexico City at the end of one of its occasional meetings, the directing committee of the Pan American Highway Congress released information showing that only 6% of the 3,200-mile Laredo-to-Panama stretch is still missing. Work is going ahead on two of the three

* Venezuela already has 12 British jet bombers (Canberras) and 24 fighters (Vampires). The Dominican Air Force is a grab-bag of 42 old and new propeller planes, made in the U.S. or Britain.



main gaps, and Vice President Richard Nixon has called for a new U.S. effort to get the road done. The country-by-country rundown:

¶ Guatemala has the most frustrating gap. Mexico's fine paved stretch of the highway reaches the border at a different point from where Guatemala's road net touches the Mexican border. At present a 164-mile, \$35 railway-flatecar haul bridges the gap. With \$1,425,000 granted last October by the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, construction is getting started to connect the loose ends. But Nixon, who wants to help anti-Communist President Carlos Castillo Armas with public works, backs a speedup (with \$20 million to \$30 million in U.S. aid) that will quickly close the gap and pave the rest of the highway—now mostly gravel—through that country.

¶ Tiny El Salvador takes the traveler through rich coffee land on paved roads, and he crosses Honduras' corridor to the Pacific on good gravel. Nicaragua's part of the highway, looping here and there to touch at the various ranches of President Anastasio ("Tacho") Somoza, is mostly macadam.

¶ Costa Rica stops the driver at the border with a seven-mile gap near the scene of January's revolutionary fighting, but work now going on should open this stretch to traffic by May 1. At the other end of the Costa Rican sector, after a breathtaking mountain drive offering glimpses of two oceans, the highway dwindles into nothing more than 1½ miles of lines on a surveyor's map. Current construction: nil.

¶ Panama, where a determined tourist can pick up the road after a sea trip, has a road of varying quality to the canal. Beyond lies the forbidding Darien country—400 miles of lofty jungles, wide

rivers and spiny mountains not yet even surveyed.

The Darien breach is probably a job for another generation. But Nixon guessed that even closing the Central American gaps would take 15 to 25 years at the present rate. The speedup he recommended to Washington will—he hopes—finish the road to Panama in four years.

URUGUAY

Democracy at Work

Dignified in formal tail coat, the President-elect of Uruguay's National Council, Luis Batlle (pronounced *Bat-shay*) Berres, 57, stepped from his car one sunny afternoon last week and mounted the broad steps to the main entrance of the halls of Congress. There he came face to face with veteran conservative Leader Luis Alberto Herrera, 81, who has valiantly run for President eight times and lost every time, most recently to Batlle Berres. It was a scene that could not have occurred in any of a dozen other Latin American countries, where the defeated candidate would have been exiled, sulking or plotting a revolution. In democratic Uruguay winner and loser greeted each other warmly, and a big crowd in the plaza shouted for them both.

Word of Honor. Because Uruguay's government is constitutionally secular, the oath of office that Batlle Berres swore a few minutes later in Congress' circular marble hall was taken on a copy of the constitution rather than a Bible, and on his personal honor rather than in God's name. Eight other men, members of Uruguay's Swiss-style council of state, did likewise. Five are from Batlle Berres' Colorado Party; three chosen members will take the presidency in succeeding one-year terms after their chief has served for the first year. The other councilors, among them Herrera, are from the opposition National Party.

Luisito, as Uruguayans call Batlle Berres, and his fellow councilors will face grave problems right away. The country's wool is selling well, but its wheat must compete against other countries' surpluses, and its famous herds of cattle have been depleted by drought. The country's left-of-center, welfare-state laws provide subsidies for both wheat farmers and cattlemen, although the public debt is already \$387 million—high for a country of only 2,500,000 people. Workers are feeling the pinch of inflation, with prices nearly 2½ times greater than in 1943. Strikes have been frequent.

Work for Progress. But since the hard-fought election (TIME, Dec. 13), Batlle Berres has closed ranks with other factions of the Colorados, now counts on a majority in the Senate and a working majority (the opposition is split seven ways) in the Chamber of Deputies. And he is well aware that essentially his job is raising Uruguay's production. In his inaugural





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address he said: "We shall work, and we shall make the country work." He still hoped to "march down the roads of the 'left' that in other lands make men shudder, but in ours merely constitute steps on the way to progress." The speech brought hearty cheers.

The ceremony over, the councilors arranged themselves for a photograph. Herrera pressed Battle Berres to the front with the courteous "Please go ahead." Smilingly, the new President took the defeated candidate by the arm, sat by his side and said, "With your help, we shall go ahead."

ARGENTINA

Long Federal Arm

Argentina's Minister of Interior summoned newsmen to his office last week and officially confirmed a red-hot rumor. It was true, said Minister Angel Gabriel Borlenghi, that the government of President Juan Perón had "intervened," i.e., taken over the governments of the provinces of Santa Fe, Santiago del Estero and Tucumán. Perón had summarily dismissed the governors, legislatures and all municipal authorities in the three provinces, and appointed three "interventors" with dictatorial powers, including authority to supervise the provincial courts.

Federal intervention of cities and provinces is an old Argentine custom, practiced by several Presidents before Perón, and recognized by the nation's constitution. But Perón had not intervened an entire province for seven years, and Argentines assumed that he must have urgent reasons for the crackdown. According to stories floating about Buenos Aires, Peronista officials in the three provinces had gone in heavily for nepotism and graft, but last week Minister Borlenghi tried to dispel such unpleasant talk. "I want to make it clear," he said, "that none of the charges have to do with the honesty of the governments intervened." The trouble, Borlenghi explained in phrases worthy of authoritarian double-talk, was that the three provincial governments showed "a lack of interest in public service," and failed to seek "the cooperation and advice of people's organizations."

In Argentina's political vocabulary "people's organizations" means the Perón-manipulated General Labor Confederation (C.G.T.) and the various Peronista associations of businessmen, professional men and students. In some cities and provinces, "people's organizations" meddle in government affairs, and local authorities sometimes resist the meddling. At Perón's closed-door meeting with provincial governors last month, spokesmen for the Peronista associations rapped several provincial officials for failing to pay "people's organizations" due heed. Aware that more than three provincial governments took verbal stonings at the meeting, newsmen asked Minister Borlenghi last week whether there would be more intervening in the near future. Replied Borlenghi evasively, but no doubt accurately: "The federal government is keeping close watch."



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London "Bobby" points out Westminster Abbey and the statue of Abraham Lincoln to American tourists.



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PEOPLE

Names make news. Last week these names made this news:

Of all the Western scientists who have rustled into the folds of the Iron Curtain, few vanished more completely than Italian-born Nuclear Physicist **Bruno Pontecorvo**. In late 1950 Pontecorvo, his head and perhaps his luggage crammed with hydrogen-bomb secrets gleaned from his U.S., Canadian and British research, landed in Helsinki without a Finnish visa. He cheerfully surrendered his passport, was not impolitely detained. Within an hour, Pontecorvo, his Swedish-born wife and their three children dropped out of sight. But passengers on the airline bus which had hauled the Pontecorvo family into the Finnish capital recalled that, as the bus entered the city, one of the scientist's little sons had ingenuously piped: "Are we now in Russia?" Last week, after more than four years of rambling speculation about his whereabouts, Bruno Pontecorvo, 41, could at last publicly answer the youngster's query. "Yes"—with a vengeance. In a bristling letter to *Pravda*, Pontecorvo wrote that he had left England because of "the sugar-coated blackmail of the police," found asylum in the U.S.S.R., where his brain had dwelt on "atomic energy for peaceful aims." He also sprang a surprise; he had won a secretly awarded Stalin Prize last year. Later, Pontecorvo, proud occupant of a Moscow flat and a country villa, waved a Soviet passport before newsmen and cried: "I am a Soviet citizen!"

At a fancy chuck wagon parked near Palm Springs, Calif., rugged Cinemactor Clark (*Mogambo*) **Gable** and his old-time playmate, sometime Actress **Kay Williams Spreckels**, fifth ex-wife of Sugar



MAESTRO TOSCANINI & PARTY*

Back with a snort.

Associated Press

(Honey Dew) Daddy Adolph Spreckels II, lined up for morning chow. With other early risers of the Desert Riders, oldest galloping group in those parts, they had just taken a constitutional in the saddle as dawn peeped over the oasis.

In 1950, wanderlust Supreme Court Justice **William O. Douglas**, world tramp and travelogue (*Of Men and Mountains, Strange Lands and Friendly People*), spent a long summer vacation clambering about on the peaks of northern Iran. Suspecting that Douglas, from his lofty perches, had stolen a peek or two northward, the Russians promptly and preevishly accused him of spying on them. Now, however, unpredictable Moscow is willing to let him look around some more. This summer, accompanied by Democrat **Robert F. Kennedy**, counsel to the Senate's Government Operations Committee, Douglas will enter Russia from Iran, reconnoiter by car through six Soviet republics in central Asia.

In Manhattan, over a Scotch-and-milk, tousled Author **James T. (Studs) Lonigan** **Farrell** confessed that religion scares him mostly because he cannot visualize any hereafter to his liking. "If I were to go to Heaven," he explained wryly, "I would find my sainted mother nagging my father, and my grandmother bawling out my grandfather. And both ladies would be telling the Lord how to run things. On the other hand, if I go where I should go, I would find my aunt chasing the Devil always. That wouldn't be any change for me, either."

At New York's International Airport, old (87) Maestro **Arturo Toscanini** arrived after a flight from Milan, was welcomed by his daughter Wanda, wife of Pianist Vladimir Horowitz, and son Walter, who explained that the spry conductor

had returned to the U.S. to polish up some recordings already made or in the works. The rumor that he is hankering to marry grey-haired Anita Colombo, his secretary and plane companion? Widower (since 1951) Toscanini passed a fatherly glance at Anita, snorted: "Ridiculous!"

From the Kremlin came the official word that Nebraska-born Author **Anna Louise Strong**, 69, whose unwavering loyalty to the U.S.S.R. was ungratefully rewarded in 1949 when she was kicked out of Russia as a spy, is a nice lady after all. Guiltless Anna, according to the Moscow announcement, had been framed by the late Soviet Interior Minister **Lavrenty Beria** and the late State Security Boss **Viktor Abakumov**. At her home in Los Angeles, veteran Party-Liner Strong broke her martyred silence. "I'm very much pleased to have all this mess cleared up," beamed she. "The accusations were a terrific shock and smashed my career."

From Kansas City, **Harry Truman** sent regrets to the citizens of Key West, Fla., Truman's favorite watering place during his presidency, explained that he will have to pass up a vacation he planned there soon. Reason: he is taking longer than he anticipated in putting his memoirs in shape for publication (by *LIFE* this fall).

Ever since France's No. 1 Red, **Maurice Thorez**, plunked down \$90,000 for a Riviera villa (*TIME*, Feb. 14) and moved in, many of France's Communists, less prosperously ensconced in the garrets of Paris and Marseilles, have wondered aloud whether Comrade Thorez is as comradely as of yore. They also found it painful to picture a horny-handed hero of the working class hemmed in by such blue-blooded



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neighbor as the **Aga Khan**, Belgium's ex-King Leopold, Britain's playgirl **Marchioness of Milford-Haven**. To quiet the mutterings from the underlings, the party secretariat in Paris last week oozed some analgesic balm, proving that Thorez is but a compliant redbird in a gilded cage: "If some of its members are lodged in villas or pavilions bought by the party, that does not involve personal privileges, but collective decisions for the investment of working-class funds . . . It was thus, in obedience to a party decision, that Comrade Thorez agreed to live in a southern villa bought on the advice of the Central Committee."

Until recently one of the world's most harried men, France's carefree ex-Premier **Pierre Mendès-France**, proving that leisure cometh after a fall (TIME, Feb. 14),



United Press
EX-PREMIER MENDÈS-FRANCE
Leisure cometh after a fall.

was all smiles behind his colored glasses when he ventured out in ski togs at the French Alpine resort of Mégève.

Modern poets are the favorite whipping boys of Ireland's Eireascile poet-dramatist, **Lord (The Man Who Ate the Phoenix) Dunsany**, 76, propounder of the notion that much modern verse is based on a belief that "nonsense is truth, truth nonsense." In Washington, D.C. last week, he flailed mightily at the obscure rhymes that plague him, dented works such as **T. S. Eliot's Choruses from 'The Rock.'** A line singled out by Dunsany as gibberish: "A moment in time but time was made through that moment: for without the meaning there is no time, and that moment of time gave the meaning." Later, he turned gloomily from poetry's plight to civilization's: "We're like a party of people in an automobile being driven downhill at midnight by a child of the age of four. I can't see any possibility of our avoiding a crash."



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RELIGION

Moscow Retaliation

For two years the Rev. Georges Bissonnette of Central Falls, R.I. has shepherded a strange little flock in a dangerous wilderness. Under the terms of the 1933 Roosevelt-Litvinoff agreement by which the U.S. recognized the Soviet Union, U.S. denominations were permitted to send clergymen to minister to their nationals in Moscow. The Augustinians of the Assumption were chosen to supply priests to the Roman Catholics, and Father Bissonnette was the fourth Assumptionist to serve a tour of duty in the enemy's citadel (no Protestant groups have ever sent ministers).

French-speaking Father Bissonnette, 33, has been a lively and well-liked figure in Moscow's tiny free world. He captained the U.S. ice-hockey team that recently beat the British embassy contingent, and the improvised chapel in his Moscow apartment has been the spiritual center for many Catholics on the diplomatic staffs. One day last week a summons came to Father Bissonnette from the Soviet police. His permit to live in the U.S.S.R. was herewith withdrawn, they told him; he had better start packing fast.

Young Father Bissonnette had looked forward to a routine departure this spring, when another Assumptionist priest was to replace him. The sudden expulsion was obviously an act of retaliation for U.S. refusal to extend the visitor's visa of Metropolitan Boris, Exarch of the Russian Orthodox Church of North America, who left Manhattan last week after his prescribed stay of 60 days.

The U.S. once "protested vigorously" through Ambassador Charles E. ("Chip") Bohlen that Father Bissonnette's expulsion was a violation of the 1933 agreement and was "in no way related to cases of temporary visits" like that of Metropolitan Boris. In Moscow Father Bissonnette sadly said a last Mass in his apartment for 20-odd members of his flock. He advised them to turn for spiritual guidance to the Russian priest of the Church of St. Louis, Moscow's only Roman Catholic Church. Said Father Bissonnette: "If you do not speak Russian or Polish and have trouble with the language, just say 'Ya vinovat' (I am guilty), and he will understand and give you absolution."

"A Prostitution of the Faith"

If you . . . utter speech that is not intelligible, how will anyone know what is said? For you will be speaking into the air.
I Corinthians 14:9

On this text the Rev. Liston Pope, dean of Yale Divinity School, last week addressed the Broadcasting and Films Commission of the National Council of Churches. The increase and popularity of religious programs is often cited as a happy sign of a wide religious revival in the U.S., but Dr. Pope found little on the U.S. air to be happy about. No irate

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Say "Pump Room" to anyone who knows Chicago's top restaurants... and this turbaned coffee boy comes instantly to mind. In the equally famous College Inn Porterhouse, his counterpart is a full-blooded Indian Chief.

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United Press

FATHER BISSONNETTE
Just say "Ya vinovat."

sponsor has given even TV and radiomen a sharper tongue-lashing.*

Terrible Brotherhood. "Religious" radio and television falls into two categories, said Pope. One is the airing of sermons, services and music, and it is occasionally effective, as in the case of Queen Elizabeth's coronation. But music designated as religious ranges from the syncopated nonsense of Jane Russell and her confederates to the noblest arias of the human spirit. I suppose you pay your money and

* For another utterance in which Yale's Pope joined, see JUDGMENTS & PROPHECIES.



Joe Pettis

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Unreduced photograph of Plymouth "B" Belvedere 4-door Sedan

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See it...drive it...today at your Plymouth dealer's...a great new car for the YOUNG IN HEART



take your choice, but let us not designate it all as religious, or even as music."

The second category of religious programming he found even worse: "First of all, there are the popular skits about wholesome families, presumably model Christian families; some of them are the best argument for celibacy advanced since the Middle Ages. I would never have believed that anything could be stickier than some of the soap operas, but religion has outdone even Lever Brothers. The difficult art of Christian family life is reduced to little moralisms and pieties, and to the cheerful conclusion that it pays in the end . . . Religion is introduced as a fragment of ritual, or a moralistic cliché, or an offstage voice quoting Scripture in a mellifluous voice."

Then there are the programs that offer solutions to personal or social problems under the guise of religion. If there is Christian truth in them at all, it is generally a crumb fumbled from the whole, meaningless or misleading by itself: "For example, 'brotherhood' is lifted out of relation to God's Fatherhood, which is seldom mentioned . . . and mere brotherhood is offered in the name of Christianity as a nostrum to keep America strong. In the name of God, this kind of thing represents a prostitution of the Christian faith and a crucifixion anew of the Christ who put human brotherhood in the most terrible and demanding of all relationships, that of common sonship under God. Let us have brotherhood, but not by all means."

A Song or a Shot, Dean Pope also gave the back of his hand to the "peace-of-mind cult." He objects to identifying Christianity with it, no matter how popular it is or how many people claim to have been helped. "The mambo is popular, and innumerable people have been helped by patent medicines, hospitals and social-work programs, but not every popular or helpful thing is to be described as Christian or presented under Christian auspices."

He cites the souped-up sentimentality of some of the programs' titles: *So Will We Sing*, *Song of the Shining Mountains*, *This Is the Life*, *Bless This House*, *For Every Child, Look Up and Live*, *The Art of Living, What's Your Trouble?* A happy contrast: Dr. Ralph W. Sockman's *National Radio Pulpit*, with a title that "conveys a true impression of what is to be offered, and does not promise you a song in your heart or a shot in the arm if you will listen to it."

Congregationalist Pope questioned whether a so-called mass audience for religious programs really exists at all. "No matter what we do, we will not compete successfully with Jackie Gleason for the audience out there, not even if we give away free trips to Palestine or old church pews for use as lawn benches. The mystical hope that some Protestant equivalent of Bishop Sheen will arise to speak for us to the vast missions is an unworthy delusion. In the first place, any such voice would be out of keeping with the Protestant emphasis on the necessity that each



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individual find his faith for himself . . . In the second place, Bishop Sheen speaks to a very large audience but hardly to a mass audience; he has a specialized audience of people who like to listen to Bishop Sheen for one or many reasons."

Maudlin or Morbid. Pope turned a searing blast of his flamethrower on the out-and-out secular as well as the bogus Christian. "If you give nearly eighty percent of your time to entertainment and two percent to religion, the implications of that fact are not lost on the public . . . If religious programs are often maudlin, a high percentage of the other programs is simply morbid . . .

"It has been said that the newer media of communication were invented just at a time when nobody had anything to say. The churches have something to say, and it is their responsibility to learn how to say it."

Billy in the Ring

BILLY GRAHAM v. CHICO VEJAR read the signs in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden (see *SPORT*). But the big event one night last week was the old battle of the Rev. Billy Graham v. the Devil. Evangelist Graham drew a laugh from a capacity crowd (22,000) by telling how a little boy in the audience had been disappointed when Billy turned out not to be his prize-fighter namesake. Then, for the first time at a major meeting in New York, he moved in on the sinners of the big town.

"For the first time in the history of America, we are fighting with our backs to the wall," he thundered. "We are feeling fear. We're all worried about the hydrogen bomb." When such an attack does come, "the first target is New York City!" The New Yorkers—middle-aged, mostly female and intensely quiet—shifted uneasily. They had come to hear Billy celebrate the 15th anniversary of the *Word of Life Hour* (Saturdays, 7:30 E.S.T., ABC), and they had filled the Garden well before the meeting began. In the street outside, another crowd of several thousand listened via loudspeakers, while 120 police and plainclothesmen coped with clogged traffic and pickpockets. In the corridors around the arena, the refreshment stands kept their beer and cigarettes out of the way, sold only coffee, soft drinks and hot dogs.

"New York, like any other city, needs a religious revival," cried Billy. His long hands holding the air, his hawklike, handsome face twisted with intensity. He has always fought shy of launching one of his full-dress crusades against New York's hard core of sin, but he evidently would like to try. As he spoke to the thousand-odd who answered his "invitation" to give themselves to Christ, Billy suggested how wonderful it would be if, some time in the future, they could do the same every night for three months. "But whether we come is not material," he added. "That we have a spiritual revival is all important."

Next major meetings between Billy and the Devil will be in Glasgow, March 19-April 30; London, May 14-21; Paris (tentatively), June 5-12.



Paul M. Paden—Black Star
CHURCH OF CHRIST'S PADEN
Up, down, up, down, up, down, up . . .

The Sign

Cline R. Paden of Lubbock, Texas went to Italy eight years ago to establish a beachhead for his Church of Christ. He found the way of the missionary hard. First there was the matter of the license, required for any enterprise in Italy, from a church to a cigar stand. Paden could not have a license because he had entered Italy as a tourist, and his application for a permanent residence permit would have to wait. Tourist Paden lost patience and put up a sign on his building in the Via Achille Papa, in the shadow of the Vatican. The sign, in letters ten inches high, read CHIESA DI CRISTO (Church of Christ).

Promptly, the police arrested Cline Paden for unlicensed activity. But sentence was delayed. Paden put up the sign again. The police tore it down. He sued the police. The judge exonerated the police, saying that they had acted in good faith, whether or not Paden's sign was legal. Paden interpreted this as meaning that the sign was legal after all. In another similar case Italy's highest court formally upheld the principle of religious toleration. Last week Paden put the sign up again.

Up roared the police, down came the sign. Paden started tacking it up again. Back came the police, down came the sign. Paden's brother Gerald had locked himself in a car to take pictures of the incident, but the police broke into the car and took him off to jail. They also arrested Signora Disma Pollicopi, wife of an Italian Church of Christ preacher. At week's end, Missionary Paden nailed his sign outside an upstairs window and locked the front door. Said he: "The police came, and they put up their ladders, but they couldn't reach the sign. They beat on the door, but we did not open it . . . So they left, and this is proof of our legal right and of God's protection."

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THE THEATER

New Play in Manhattan

Bus Stop (by William Inge) is the season's and possibly the author's best play. In this night-lighted picture of snow-stalled, long-distance-bus passengers huddling in a small-town eatery, the author of *Picnic* sounds no great depths and stirs no new currents, and he clutches sentiment to the same degree that he shrugs off story. But at its own level, *Bus Stop* is fresh and engaging. In catching the drift, and once or twice shifting the direction of his characters' lives, Inge has revealed the surface and something of the underside of all anonymous humanity. And by writing with pervasive, even explosive humor—by showing that the way

unambitious cowboy with a guitar, and there is a local sheriff who perhaps stands for law and order in the world as well as on Main Street. In a beautifully paced and harmonized production, every part is well played, and Kim Stanley plays the nightclub singer superbly.

There is far more health and humor to *Bus Stop* than to Playwright Inge's *Picnic*, but it too treats largely, at bottom, of lonely lives. If Inge's bus is a convenient stage device, it is yet a striking symbol for his whole lost, seeking, itinerant world. The peripheral figure remains the central one in Inge's gallery. But in *Bus Stop* there are integrated figures also; the shadows are interlaced with sunlight, the naturalistic brooder is absorbed into the humorist. The difference between the two plays is also partly one of production. Where *Picnic* so stressed theatrical values as to ossify human ones, *Bus Stop*, under Harold Clurman's understanding direction, seamlessly blends the two. Despite deeper entanglements, *Picnic* was all surfaced glare; *Bus Stop*, for all its outward humors, catches an inner glow.

New Play in Dublin

Dublin expected trouble. A new Sean O'Casey play, *The Bishop's Bonfire*, was coming to town—and Dublin remembered 1926. That year the Abbey Theater produced O'Casey's since famed *The Plough and the Stars*, an irreverent treatment of the 1916 Irish revolution. It roused Irish fury to such patriotic heights that shrieking, whistling men and women stampeded for the stage to drag the actors off. Actor Barry Fitzgerald met the first charging patriot with an uppercut that sent him flying back into the stalls. One actress threw her shoe at the attackers. It was caught and thrown back at Poet W. B. Yeats, a director of the Irish national theater, who was vainly trying to make a speech in the din. Finally the Civic Guards had to be rushed in to clear the house of the embattled theater lovers and O'Casey haters.

On opening night last week, after the 300 unreserved gallery seats were filled, a crowd of some 1,000 people milled in the streets, chanting protests at their failure to get in. At curtain time uniformed police and plainclothesmen on foot and in camouflaged radio cars surrounded the Gaiety Theater, ready for anything.

Personal Label. They had reason to expect fireworks. After the riotous premiere of *The Plough*, O'Casey crossed the Irish Sea to settle in England, and since then a lot of damns have flowed over the water. He has tilted with eloquence and venom at many an Irish figure and foible in his plays and in the massive six-volume autobiography poured out over the past 15 years (TIME, Nov. 15). Ireland banned four of the volumes, but the Irish theater knows no censorship. Arch-individualist O'Casey was free last week to speak his unconventional piece from the stage.

Still stubborn and starry-eyed at 75,

O'Casey refuses to give up a personal label merely because an international political conspiracy has discredited it. "I am a Communist," he told a TIME correspondent last week, and added: "They're bloody fools, these Communists. Always looking to Russia. They're too rigid. They drive me mad. They know nothing but what they read in their little pamphlets. If all the Communists were like O'Casey, Communism would be a menace to the world."

Apothetic Country. *The Bishop's Bonfire*, he said, "is a play about the apathetic chastity of the Irish, a lament for the condition of Ireland, which is an apathetic country now, losing all her energy, enthusiasm and resolution. The country is just drifting, with the lowest birth and marriage rates in the world . . ."

A mixture of farce and melodrama, the play is full of sweetness and vinegar. But



Fred Fehl

KIM STANLEY

A laugh for anonymous humanity.

to man's heart can be through his funny bone—Inge has not just brightened, he has also enlarged his picture.

Bus Stop chiefly chronicles a raw, ram-bunctious young cowboy's courtship—which is virtually a kidnapping—of a soiled young Kansas City nightclub singer. Very slowly the clochopper (Albert Salmi) discovers that an ounce of tenderness is worth a pound of bluster, while the audience simultaneously discovers that it is the bluster of a sexual tenderfoot. And the girl discovers that, though courted as though she were a punching bag, she is for once being thought of as though she were a lady.

Along with its taming of an oaf, *Bus Stop* chronicles the far more offhand and slightly more underhand amour of the proprietress and the bus driver (Elaine Stritch and Patrick McVey), records the sputtings, slitherings and slumbers of a drunken professor (Anthony Ross). There is also the wide-eyed high-school girl who finds the professor wonderful, there is an



Nicholas Horne

SEAN O'CASEY

A lament for Irish chastity.

not until the third act did O'Casey's anti-clerical lines provoke the gallery into boos, hisses and shouts. When a pompous canon told some of the characters: "The Church is ashamed of you, the bishop is ashamed of you, and I am ashamed of you," somebody bellowed from the gallery, "And we are ashamed of you!" Protests also rose when O'Casey's unorthodox priest (a sympathetic character) urged a girl to seek release from her "foolish vows" of chastity.

But at the last curtain, the applause equaled the hisses and the boos, and Actor Cyril Cusack's defiant curtain speech had an air of sad anti-climax. If the evening was tamer than the famous one of 1926, it was probably because *The Bishop's Bonfire* failed to produce the inflammable sparks of *The Plough and the Stars*. In Dublin any old play with unpopular ideas can get hissed. It takes quality to cause a riot. Despite some fine comic scenes and verbal brilliance, *Bonfire* is only second-best O'Casey.



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SCIENCE

First Soul Boat

When the "soul ship" of Pharaoh Cheops was found last year, buried at the foot of his mighty pyramid, the find was announced to the world with the greatest possible hullabaloo. This week, at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, British Egyptologist Walter Bryan Emery quietly told about finding a similar ship at least 400 years older. It dates from the First Dynasty, 5,000 years ago, when civilization was new in the valley of the Nile.

The ship was found last month, in a brick tomb of its own, near the pyramids in the necropolis at Sakkara. It is less than half as long as the ship of Cheops (whose pyramid is also the biggest), and

little, the culture improves. The people build better homes and temples; they learn higher crafts. At last they develop a written language and begin recording their history for archaeologists to read. Some of the new culture elements come from foreign contacts, but the origin of each imported item can generally be traced.

This was not the situation in First Dynasty Egypt. Before about 3200 B.C., the valley of the Nile had a neolithic culture. It was fairly high-grade, but by no means civilized. Then came a change as sudden as if supernatural culture-bringers had landed in a flying saucer. Without transitional stages, so far as diggers can determine, the Egyptians were building great palaces of brick and stone. They had effective copper tools, including wood saws and the finest needles. They worked with fine artistry in wood, ivory, leather, textiles, metals, precious stones. They had a fully formed written language and papyrus to write it on. Their religion formed the principal features that would dominate Egypt for 3,000 years. They had skillful agriculture, a centralized government and a leisured ruling class.

Lost Homeland. Where did this civilization come from? Few Egyptologists believe that the crude inhabitants of the Nile Valley developed it themselves within a few years. Most specialists think it was imported, probably by conquerors, but they do not know from where. One theory suggests Sumeria, whose cultural development may have begun a little ahead of Egypt's. But only a few items in First Dynasty Egypt look as if they came from Sumeria.

The most attractive theory is that highly civilized people came to Egypt from a culture center that has not yet been discovered. It may lie hidden almost anywhere in the Middle East, large parts of which have never been explored by trained archaeologists. It may even lie under the sands of the Sahara Desert, whose climate was probably more moist five or six thousand years ago.

Horizon of the Universe

How big is the universe? The question has been debated for centuries with no decision. Some theorists think that the universe is infinitely large, with galaxies extending forever into infinite space. Others believe that it is finite, curving back on itself in a fourth-dimensional way.

Cosmographer Thomas Gold of Britain's Royal Observatory was asked the "how big" question. His answer, given in *Nature*: the universe has no definitive size. Instead, it has a "horizon."

Gold is a principal proponent of "continuous creation." He does not believe that the universe came into being suddenly at some remote moment in the past. Instead, he thinks that matter is still being created. It "appears" continuously in the form of single hydrogen atoms out in the empty reaches between the galaxies. At first the lonely atoms form a very thin



James McAnally—Graphic House

Egyptologist Emery

Suddenly, a flying saucer.

its wood is badly decayed. But it has all the main features of later soul ships. On its deck is a cabin to shelter the soul of the dead Pharaoh. Pottery vessels hold food and drink for his royal feasts, and plates and eating utensils are ready for his use. The ship's keel is accurately pointed parallel to the equator, so that it will sail in the right direction when it starts to follow the sun on its journeys around the earth. Later Egyptians were careless about this detail of astronavigation, but not the pious First Dynasty forefathers.

Neolithic Egypt. Dr. Emery is not the kind of Egyptologist whose chief interest is finding spectacular treasures for exhibition. His digging at Sakkara, which he has been doing since 1935, is aimed at solving a fascinating problem: What was the origin of Egypt's civilization?

Most ancient civilizations start from simple beginnings, e.g., those of Mesopotamia. In the lowest levels of their long-inhabited sites are found the crude implements of near-savages. Then, little by



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gas; they draw together by gravitational attraction. At last, after billions of years, the atoms gather into stars, and the stars into galaxies.

Because of some unknown property of large-scale space, the galaxies fly apart, as they can be seen to do. But since new galaxies are formed continuously in the ever-growing voids between them, the "population density" of space remains about the same. This process, says Gold, keeps the expanding universe in a steady state. It has no beginning, and will have no end.

As for the size of the universe, Gold believes that distant galaxies, which cannot be seen because they are moving away as fast or almost as fast as light, are not real in the ordinary sense. As man's instruments improve, he can catch more and more of these runaways, and this will



H. C. Deel
COSMOGRAPHER GOLD
Out of sight, out of reality.

widen the horizon of his observable universe just as the earthly horizon is widened by climbing to a hilltop. But it is not correct, says Gold, to assume that unseen and unseeable galaxies extend into space forever beyond the cosmic horizon. For the purposes of cosmological theory, a galaxy beyond the horizon is over the edge of reality.

"If we continued observations with a given apparatus for a very long time, what changes would we see?" asks Gold. As billions follow billions of years, the most distant galaxies slip over the edge of the universe as their light becomes too feeble to be observed. Faint nearby galaxies grow brighter as they collect more matter. As the space between them expands, new galaxies are born to glow faintly in the new space.

The galaxy population of the universe, Gold sums up, is like that of a human population, "which has a finite number of members at any instant, but which is in a steady state for all time."

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OUT OF THE FLOATING WORLD



To most Westerners, Japanese art spells woodcuts. This pains the Japanese, who are justly proud of their brush drawings, Buddhist sculptures and painted screens. But like American jazz, Japanese woodcuts succeed in expressing a popular culture precisely. The unique charm of that culture was amply displayed this week when some 350 top-rank Japanese prints went on view at Chicago's Art Institute.

The Japanese call their prints *Ukiyo-e*, meaning literally "pictures of the floating world." For the great period of Japanese printmaking (1650-1850), the "floating world" meant mainly the silk-swathed, sake-steeped joys of Edo's (later Tokyo's) popular theater and bawdyhouse life. The prints were produced by close cooperation between artist, wood engraver, printer and publisher, and sold for only a few cents apiece. The most famous publisher had his shop just outside the Yoshiwara (Edo's red-light quarter), offered illustrated guides and souvenirs of the quarter designed by the greatest *Ukiyo-e* masters.

One major *Ukiyo-e* artist who vastly preferred the stage to Yoshiwara subjects was Shunsho (1726-1792). His clean, bold woodcuts of single actors in self-induced throes of emotion (*left*) have earned him a deep if narrow niche in Japanese art. Wrote Novelist James Michener in his recent book on *Ukiyo-e*: "None followed his particular interpretation of art more honestly than he, and few men in any field have ever attained so close to one hundred percent of their capabilities."

Koryusai, a contemporary of Shunsho, was among the few high-born *Ukiyo-e* artists. The samurai generally thought printmaking and even print buying beneath their dignity. Famed for his woodcuts of Yoshiwara girls, Koryusai did equally well with more imaginative pictures of birds and animals. His *Phoenix Bird* (*above at right*) is notable for its delicacy and restraint, makes elaborate use of embossing, i.e., printing without ink, for plumage.

Utamaro (1753-1806) has been called one of the most refined printmakers who ever lived, and damned as a decadent who started *Ukiyo-e* on its downward course. (The censure may stem from the fact that he spent at least thousand nights in the Yoshiwara, and that the girls in his designs are impossibly tall and willowy.) Actually Utamaro's work shows as much range as refinement. His first important series of

THE BLACK DANJURO, by Shunsho, shows an actor cast in the role of a legendary samurai.



"PHOENIX BIRD OVER WAVES" is a masterpiece of the 18th century printmaker Koryusai, who used to sign himself "The Man with No Occupation."



"KINTARO REACHING FOR CHESTNUT," by Utamaro; Kintaro was a legendary Japanese hero whose mother was a wild-haired mountain woman.



"FAIR OF THE YEAR AT ASAKUSA" shows the placid brilliance of Japan's most popular printmaker, Hiroshige, who produced about 5,400 woodcuts in editions up to 10,000 each.



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EPSTEIN'S "FATE" AND "MOTHER EARTH"
Back to the eternal.

Frederick A. Meier

prints was a book of insect studies, and his greatest depicts the wilderness upbringing of Kintaro, the Japanese Hercules. *Kintaro Reaching for Chestnut* (see color page) is as healthy-minded, tender and acute a study of maternal devotion as Japanese art affords.

But it is true that soon after Utamaro *Ukiyo-e* art sharply declined. Hiroshige (1797-1858) was the last *Ukiyo-e* master. An Edo fireman, Hiroshige quit fire fighting at 27 to hike up and down Japan sketching. He turned his sketches into a flood of prints showing the nation's famed views, stopping places, bridges, rivers and fairs in all kinds of weather. Bales of Hiroshige's prints found their way to Europe, did as much as anything to spark modern painting. Manet, Degas, Lautrec and Van Gogh all learned from *Ukiyo-e* art. But after Hiroshige's death in 1858, the art itself descended permanently to a postcard level.

Compassion in the Park

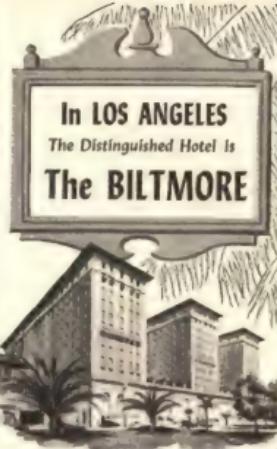
Shrouded in all the mystery of an atomic shipment, three huge packing cases arrived last week in Philadelphia. In them were seven tons of bronze sculpture by Britain's famed U.S.-born sculptor, Sir Jacob Epstein. They had been cast in secrecy in a London foundry so that Philadelphians would get first look at the newest adornment to their city: a group of five bronze figures, representing "Social Consciousness," to stand as a part of the Ellen Phillips Samuel Memorial in Philadelphia's Fairmount Park.

Sculptor Epstein, 74, enjoying all the secrecy, could not resist hinting from London: "I consider this one of my

major works." Epstein is apt to consider all of his works "major," but this time Philadelphia agreed. Said R. Sturgis Ingross, president of the Philadelphia Museum of Art: "The works may be the finest Epstein has ever done . . . We believe we have acquired Epstein at his very best."

As riggers worked in a high wind to place the 13-ft.-high group on a temporary wooden base, it became clear that by social consciousness Epstein meant compassion. The central, seated figure, which Epstein calls "Fate itself," is a long-torsoed woman with high-cheeked, Slavic features, stretching forth her arms. On the right stands another female figure swathed in heavy, claylike drapery, receiving in her arms a cadaverous figure of a man, which, explains Epstein, is mankind returning to its eternal mother, which is Mother Earth. It encompasses life and death. Still to be erected at week's end was an elongated Christlike figure raising a degraded man. A priest, stopping by Epstein's studio while this figure was being modeled, asked Epstein if it represented Christ healing the leper. Epstein allows that the priest was on the right track, but he insists that all his figures are symbolic, not literal representations.

Sculptor Epstein emphatically believes that the average Philadelphia park stroller will understand exactly what he had in mind. Says he: "There's no mystery about the figures, nothing about it that's modern — I mean modern in the bad sense. It's human. It will appeal because it is human. Everyone will have different ideas of what social consciousness is, but everyone, especially in America, is cognizant of social consciousness."



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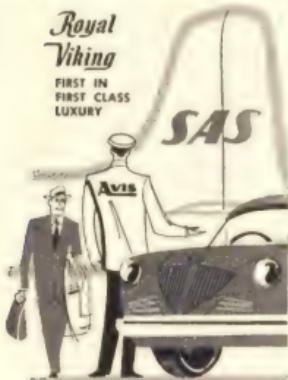
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\$50 Million for Teachers

In Manhattan this week, the Ford Foundation announced one of the largest single private grants to higher education in U.S. history: \$50 million to help selected privately run colleges and universities boost faculty salaries. Recipients of the Ford grants (still unnamed) will be asked to supplement the gifts with funds raised from other sources.

Said Board Chairman Henry Ford II: "[Teachers] have not begun to share the benefits of [the nation's] expanded productive power . . . and the whole educational system suffers from this fact. Industry, commerce, government, the arts, the sciences and the professions—indeed our whole way of life—depend heavily upon the quality of our education . . . The Ford Foundation [wants] to emphasize the cardinal importance of the college teacher to our society."

Schooltime Religion

Instead of playing outdoors or roughhousing in the halls during their lunchtime recess, almost half of the 280 pupils at Michigan's Bangor High School were munching their apples and sandwiches in seven classrooms. They were getting religious instruction in a U.S. public school, and thus stirring up a statewide controversy over the oft-debated provision in the U.S. Constitution prescribing separation of church and state.*

Originator of the weekly lunchtime sessions is Bangor's mild-mannered School Superintendent Homer Hendricks, 40, a Methodist. After hearing a talk by a local Roman Catholic priest stressing the need for closer ties between Bangor's churches and its youngsters, Hendricks decided to fill the gap. With the support of local clergymen and parents, he made available each Tuesday a classroom for any minister who would spend the 45-minute lunch recess with pupils of his faith. Attendance is entirely voluntary. For the first sessions, held early last month, 100 pupils showed up, some with their Bibles. By last week seven clergymen—including Lutheran, Methodist, Episcopal and Roman Catholic—were bringing their texts and lunches to Bangor High School.

Reaction was quick to come. Resort Owner Irving Fidelman, of nearby South Haven, declared that he would test the legality of Hendricks' experiment, probably on the grounds that using school classrooms for religious instruction is an unauthorized use of tax-supported public property: "Children meet in the school as Americans . . . There should be no division . . . to set them apart." His own three children, he added, were getting instruction in the Jewish faith outside school four times a week. In Lansing, State Senator Charles S. Blundy blasted

* The First Amendment: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof . . ."

the Bangor sessions as "an improper intrusion of religion in the field of government . . . a backdoor method of bringing religious instruction into the schools."

Last week the local Christian Science reader, Mrs. Kenneth Overton, who had been holding lunchtime sessions with three pupils, notified Superintendent Hendricks that she was withdrawing from the program on advice from her church's headquarters in Boston. But Superintendent Hendricks and his friends in Bangor were undismayed. Says Hendricks: "We're not particularly concerned with the outside opposition . . . We're going right ahead."

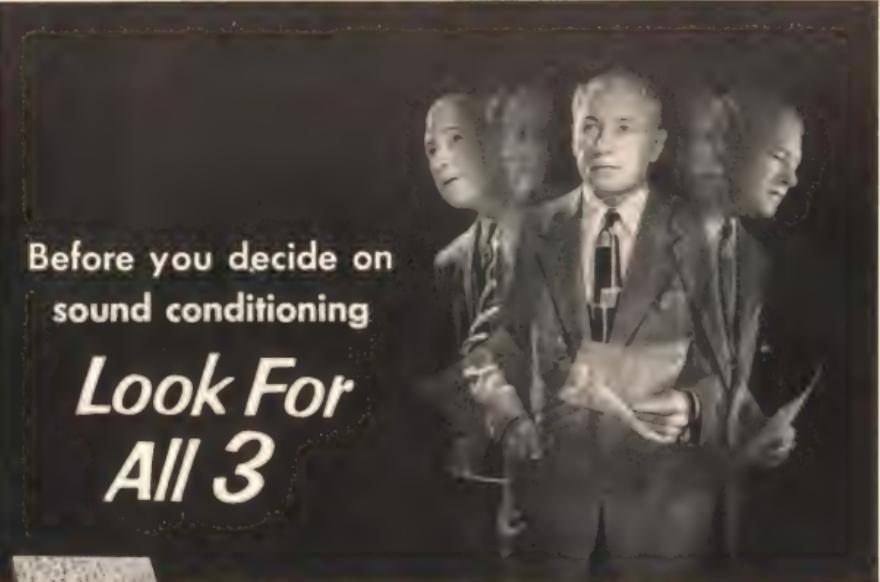
Another such controversy flared in New Mexico. It began last fortnight when Attorney General Richard H. Robinson



Home News
SUPERINTENDENT HENDRICKS
The clergymen came for lunch.

denounced as "constitutionally objectionable" the weekly nondenominational devotional meetings held by pupils at the high school in Roswell (pop. 25,000). Argued Robinson: "Church and state must be kept separate . . . [In Roswell], the students know that on Wednesday morning at 8:15, religious services will be held upon their public-school grounds. Their principal has so announced on Tuesday . . . That there is no direct duty to attend may not be an answer [to the question of legality]."

The Roswell board of education retorted that it saw nothing illegal in the weekly meetings, which were originally planned to combat juvenile delinquency. The school principal agreed to one change: he would not announce the meetings publicly beforehand. Said the Roswell Record: "It appears extremely doubtful to us that the attorney general's opinion had good and sufficient grounds . . . We all must make an effort to convince the high-school stu-



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dents that devotion and decency are virtues to be cultivated and admired."

At last week's meeting two students, twice as many as ever before, jammed the Roswell high-school theater for Bible reading and prayer.

Why Johnny Can't Read

When Bestselling Author Rudolf Flesch (*The Art of Plain Talk*) offered to give a friend's twelve-year-old son some "remedial reading," Flesch discovered that the boy was not slow or maladjusted; he had merely been "exposed to an ordinary American school." Author Flesch decided to investigate how reading is taught in the U.S. Last week he published his findings in a 222-page book, *Why Johnny Can't Read—and What You Can Do About It* (Harper; \$3), that will shock many a U.S. parent and educator.

Only in the U.S., reported Flesch, is there any remedial-reading problem. In Britain, kindergarten children read *Three Little Pigs*; in Germany, second-grade pupils can read aloud (without necessarily understanding all the words) almost anything in print. By contrast, average U.S. third-graders have a reading mastery of only 1,800 words. Why is the U.S. so far behind? Says Flesch: "We have decided to forget that we write with letters, and [instead] learn to read English as if it were Chinese."

"Quack, Quack." Since the 1920s, most American schoolchildren have been taught to memorize the "appearance" of words, one after another, like Chinese characters, without reference to the sounds of the individual letters that make up each word. By this "word method," largely developed at teachers colleges and schools of education, children must plow through endless illustrated stories, in which words are repeated over and over. Sample text:

"Quack, quack," said the duck.
He wanted something.
He did not want to get out.
He did not want to go to the farm.
He did not want to eat.
He sat and sat and sat.

Under the word method, if a child comes up against a new word, all he can do is guess—not at its pronunciation, but at its "looks." As a result, says Flesch, word-method pupils make outlandish errors, reading "said" for "jumped," "caps" instead of "houses." One youngster who had successfully recognized "children" on a word-recognition card was unable to read it on the printed page. How did he get it from the card? His simple answer: "By the smudge over in the corner."

"Small-Size Adult." According to Flesch, the basic flaw in the system lies in that it "looks at a child as if it were a small-size adult." Lip reading and learning the rudimentary ABCs are taboo; the word "children" is "children" only because Teacher says so, not from any deciphering of its component letter-sounds. Result: a third-grader is "unable to decipher 90% of his own speaking and listening vocabulary when he sees it in print."

Yet, Flesch adds, U.S. educators by and



Annie M. Graf

AUTHOR FLESCH
English is not Chinese.

large refuse to recognize the word method's shortcomings. Reading failures are merely blamed on "poor eyesight . . . or a broken home . . . or an Oedipus complex or sibling rivalry."

How can the teaching of reading be improved? In essence, Author Flesch urges a return to the old phonetic method still used in Europe. Reading should be taught like shorthand, i.e., by writing and reading at the same time with "pure, unadulterated, old-fashioned drill" in the ABCs and the sounds they make. When the child can write each letter and knows its sound, he should go on to letter combinations. Moreover, the five-year-old can start right in on nursery tales and fables, e.g., *Henny Penny* and *The House That Jack Built*. With this "phonics" method, says Flesch, educators and parents will meet a problem all too few of them have handled in the last decade: how to keep up with a child's demands for books.

Report Card

¶ Fighting a "socialistic" bill to make Montana teachers eligible for U.S. social-security benefits, State Senator B. Reid Taylor (R.) declared that "children would be better off with high-school graduates teaching them than with [women] who go to a four-year teachers' college determined to remain teachers and old maids the rest of their lives."

¶ In Atlanta, some 200 representatives of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People adopted a strong resolution setting next September as the target date for desegregation of schools in the Southeast (Ala., Fla., Ga., Miss., N.C., S.C., Tenn.). Added the N.A.A.C.P.: "We are not alarmed by those state governments which . . . are seeking to circumvent the Supreme Court's decision [against school segregation]. These undemocratic and unconstitutional methods will fail . . ."



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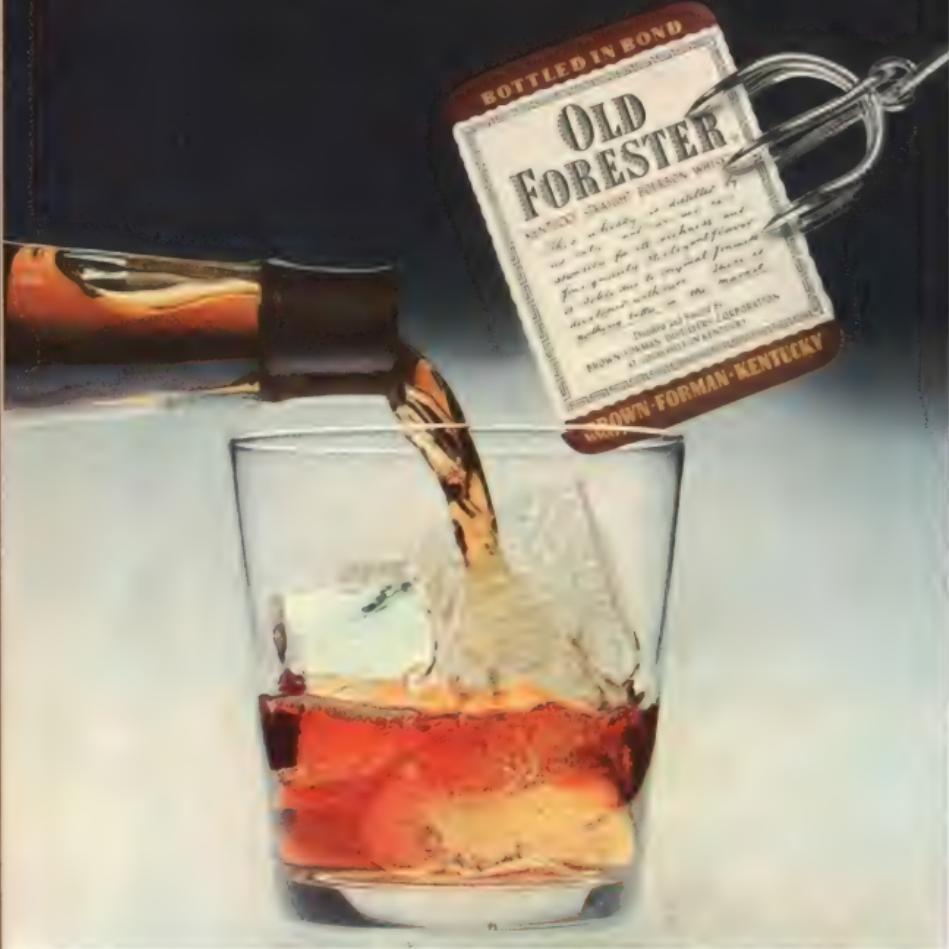
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SPORT

The Oldtimer

One morning next week, at the drop of the starter's green flag, some 80 crash-helmeted drivers will break into a dash across the concrete runway of an abandoned airfield and pile into their sports cars. The whining racket of racing engines will shatter the Sabbath, and the little (pop. 5,000) town of Sebring, Fla., will come alive to the excitement of the fifth annual Florida International Twelve-Hour Grand Prix of Endurance.

No other auto race in the U.S. quite compares to the Sebring grind. It is the only American competition that counts toward the World Sports Car Championship. Sebring's 5.2 miles of brief straightaways, wicked switchbacks and unbanked



CAPTAIN DREYFUS & ARNOLT-BRISTOL
Taxi drivers should stay home.

turbs are as trying for men as they are on machines. Points scored at Sebring are so prized by the racing fraternity that the world's best drivers compete there, although the race is without cash prizes.

Never Far Away. It is the kind of race that has an insidious fascination for the oldtimers—the veterans, nominally retired, who spend most of the year telling themselves that they are through with the hot smell of lubricating oil, the screech of skidding tires, the grail of brakes fighting for control. This year is no exception: among the entrants is René Dreyfus, 49, one-time champion of France, a driver who dropped out of regular competition 15 years ago and settled down to a more prosaic profession: running Le Chanteclair, a midtown Manhattan restaurant.

Even in his restaurant, René has never been far from the track. Drivers are forever dropping by for advice, old friends come to reminisce about the races in which he made his reputation: Le Mans,

the Grand Prix of Monaco, Indianapolis, Targa Florio in Sicily, the "Million-Franc Race" at Monthéry. When Chicago Industrialist S. H. ("Wacky") Arnolt decided to enter three of his Arnolt-Bristol sports cars in this year's Grand Prix at Sebring, it was not surprising that he turned to René Dreyfus when he needed a team captain. And it was not surprising that René needed little convincing.

No Speed Demon. The sleek little (963-in. wheelbase) Arnolt-Bristol is no roaring speed demon; its 1,071-cc., six-cylinder engine kicks it along at a conservative 115 m.p.h. maximum. But in a race such as this, René argues, the driver means almost as much as the car. "Any taxi driver can win on a straightaway like Daytona Beach," says he. "At Sebring, the drivers who nurse their cars carefully through the long grind stand a chance of scoring simply because they have finished." With Wacky Arnolt himself, John Panks, general manager of Roots Motors, Inc., and Bob Grier, president of the Motor Sports Club of America, to fill out his team, René has high hopes that all his Arnolt-Bristols will finish.

No man to undertake his competition, Dreyfus worries most about 1) a British-built, 3,442-cc. Jaguar entered by Briggs Cunningham, who owned last year's winning OSCA, 2) a 2,099-cc. Ferrari to be driven by Italy's aging (48) Piero Taruffi and America's Harry Schell and 3) a 2,660-cc. Austin-Healey, handled by British Champion Stirling Moss and Co-Driver Lance Macklin.

Sunday night at 10:00 o'clock, when the checkered flag drops, the car that has covered the most laps will take the grand prize. Each class will have its own winners, and there will be a performance award for which each car will get a handicap based on its engine displacement. If his luck holds out, Oldtimer René Dreyfus figures that his Arnolt-Bristols will be up among the victors.

Education of Rocky

Prizefighters who retire before their brains get scrambled almost always wind up with another occupational characteristic: total recall. They can remember every minute of every fight—the amateur bouts when the gold medal or the brass watch was hocked for the price of a hot meal, the tank-town prelims, the main events when they got their turns on the big time. Ex-Middleweight Champion Rocky Graziano does even better. In his autobiography, *Somebody Up There Likes Me* (Simon & Schuster: \$3.95), written with the help of Newsman Rowland Barber, Rocky even recalls the eye-gouging, gut-punching details of his childhood street scraps, the first wild rounds of his private bout with the world.

Two Fists & Free Love. As Rocky tells it, by the time he was old enough for school, he was on the lam from the truant officer. At twelve he knew his way around the pool halls and whorehouses of Man-

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Hattan's lower East Side. He had been hardened by a stretch in a Catholic protectorate in The Bronx, where the brothers belted him with bamboo canes, and where he had to bust a few heads himself before he taught the other inmates who was boss of the yard. He had his own mob of hoodlums, snarling youngsters who hated the sight of uniformed cops, who could spot a plainclothes dick in a subway crush, who knew how to steal "anything begun with an A. A piece of fruit. A watch. A pair of shoes. A bicycle. Anything."

When the Rock and his mob got tired of "sleeping" (roaming the city and looting parked cars), or "window shopping" (heaving a lead ball through shop windows and hooking merchandise with stiff wires), or summertime "radio fishing" (prowling rooftops and reeling in radios from open windows by their antennas), they would swagger into one of the local



NBC
EX-CHAMPION GRAZIANO
A was for Anything.

Communist clubs. "We would listen to them spouting off all this stuff we didn't understand. We would sign petitions with phony names. Then all the listening and signing paid off when we took these Communists broads in the back room . . . They believed in free love. We didn't like to pay for anything either."

Inevitably, Rocky made his tour through a long series of reform schools and jails. He was a big shot, a guy who shared lice-ridden cells with drug addicts, crooked politicians, bookies, lunatics and gunmen. During his few periods of freedom he did a little "amateur" boxing for pocket money, but most of the time the thugs he traveled with had no use for padded gloves. A lead pipe was better.

A *Legitimate Wheel*. So far as Rocky was concerned, only one thing was worse than being in jail; being in the Army. Drafted in 1942, just as he was beginning a career in professional boxing, he rebelled against military discipline, flattened his



Building Boeing airplanes is a nation-wide project

America's global jet bombers—B-52s like the one shown above—are rolling off Boeing's production lines in steady numbers. Although this B-52 production is centered in Seattle, it incorporates the efforts of businesses and workers located from coast to coast, and from Canada to Mexico.

At latest count, more than 5,000 firms were supplying material, equipment or service for aircraft built by Boeing's Seattle Division. Of these, some 4,000 are small businesses having 500 employees or less.

Similar emphasis on subcontracting is the rule at Boeing's Wichita Division. Here Boeing builds the Strategic Air Command's front-line nuclear weapons carrier, the six-jet B-47, and is tooling up for B-52 second-source production. No fewer than 3,588 individual companies, more than 75% of them small businesses, share the work of this Division.

Out of every Air Force dollar contracted to Boeing, approximately 65 cents is passed on by Boeing to its subcontractors and suppliers. The re-

mainder—about 35 cents out of each dollar—is retained by Boeing to cover all items in connection with its own in-plant operations. Boeing airplanes are truly nation-wide projects.

Maintaining a coast-to-coast subcontracting and supply network is a vital force in the nation's defense program. It assures a broad base for the production of aircraft needed for the foreseeable future. And, in time of emergency, it would provide trained, equipped and experienced supply sources capable of rapid expansion.

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captain with a fast right, went AWOL from Fort Dix, N.J. and wound up in the disciplinary barracks at Fort Leavenworth, Kans. A connoisseur of jails by then, Rocky found the Army brand the worst. "All I can say is, stay out of any prison run by a bunch of amateurs."

But at Leavenworth the authorities taught Rocky something beside new methods for kicking the world in the teeth. They taught him that fist fighting can be an honorable profession. As a member of the Leavenworth boxing team, he learned what it meant to be a "legitimate wheel." And he found that he liked it. Suddenly, at the age of 20, Rocky turned into an adult.

Jail in the Water. His debt to the Army paid, Rocky drifted back to the big city and wound up where he belonged—in the prize ring. There were distracting influences. Rocky got married, and his wife would burst into tears when he came home with his face looking like a left-over hamburger. Prosecutors badgered him, accused him of covering up bribe offers. Among his managers was Killer Eddie Coco. But Rocky won most of his bouts. In the ring the old street fighter came back. One hot July night in 1947, he knocked out Tony Zale in a celebrated pier-six brawl and won the middleweight championship of the world.

Next year Zale took the title back in another Donnybrook. In and out of trouble with boxing's bigwigs, Rocky managed to keep himself in contention until 1952. Then, in Chicago, Sugar Ray Robinson knocked him out, and convinced him that he was through. But the man who finally turned his back on the ring was no longer the wise guttersnipe, the terror of Tenth Street. He had calmed down enough to become a TV comedian.

More important, he had become a man. Today, says Rocky, "I can walk down Broadway or First Avenue or even Fifth Avenue and this is my town. My name is Rocky Graziano . . . and what's yours? I got a right to ask anybody that, even a cop . . . It's a free world and it's a big country which I know stretches away across the Jersey flats to where the jail is in the water, San Francisco. I am happy that I am Rocky Graziano and that I am living in this here country."

Scoreboard

¶ In Krefeld, Germany, the Penticton Vs (TIME, March 7) beat Russia's amateur hockey champions, 5-0, and took the world title back to Canada.

¶ In the Knights of Columbus Athletic Meet in Madison Square Garden, Defending Champion Mal Whitfield was nosed out by Villanova Alumnus Joe Gafiney in the 600-yd. run, and another ex-titleholder proved a disappointment even while winning. Miler Wes Santee lazed home in 4:10.4, one of the slowest times of the winter season.

¶ Middleweight Chico Vejar took time out from his N.Y.U. drama studies to mix it up for ten rounds in the Garden with elderly (32) Stylist Billy Graham, and squeaked by with a split decision.

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tive it can measure the chemical content of celestial bodies, they found just the right trace of rare element to create a deep silky star within the stone and thus achieved the fabulous Linde "Stars"—man-made counterparts of one of nature's rarest gems.

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- Training and Safety**—Safety campaigns, Teaching, Reports, Fire prevention
- Personnel**—Identification photos, Job description, Orientation, Payroll records, Employee personal records, House organs, Health records, Bulletins
- Service**—Manuals, Parts lists, Installation photos, Training helps, Records
- Research**—Reports, Flow studies, Process charts, Library, Photomicrography, electron-micrography, x-ray diffraction, etc.
- Product Design & Development**—Styling, Consumer testing, Motion studies, Stress analysis, Performance studies
- Purchasing**—Schedules, Duplicate engineering prints, Specifications, Component selection, Source information
- Engineering**—Drawings, Specification sheets, Drawing protection, Pilot radiography
- Production**—Time study, Work methods, Legible drawings, Schedules, Process records
- Testing & Quality Control**—Test set-ups, Reports, Standards library, Radiography, Instrument recording
- Warehousing & Distribution**—Inventory control, Damage records, Waybill duplicates, Flow layouts, Packing & loading records
- Advertising**—Advertisements, Booklets, Displays, Dealer promotion, Television
- Sales**—Portfolios, Dealer helps, Sales talks, Price & delivery information
- Plant Engineering & Maintenance**—Plant layout, Repair proposals, Piping & Wiring installations, Progressive maintenance, Record debulking

These books show how photography is being used today.

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RADIO & TV

The Busy Air

Q In Buffalo, Researcher Albert Sindlinger rubbed salt in Hollywood's wounds by announcing that every 2% increase of TV ownership in a community causes a 1% drop in receipts at the local movie theaters.

Q In Manhattan, Procter & Gamble, Lever Bros., and Colgate-Palmolive Co. estimated that they would spend this year a total of \$64 million on TV to sell soap. The National Council of Churches earmarked \$1,405,000 to sell religion over radio and TV.

Q In San Francisco, the Steinhart Aquarium was planning to package an octopus in an oxygen tent for a flight to Manhattan. The intended purpose: a four-minute appearance on NBC's *Home TV* show.

Tingle & Cringe

The one big thing that all of NBC's musical spectacles have in common is tiny (5 ft. 6 in.) Max Liebman. A showman of 25 years' experience, Liebman has been so successful as producer, director and general mastermind of the specs that last week NBC signed him to a new five-year contract.

When his former stars, Sid Caesar and Imogene Coca, decided to do their own shows this season, Liebman kept on for the spectacles the veteran technical staff that had run *Your Show of Shows* for more than five years: a permanent group of 16 dancers and twelve singers, and such top professionals as Scene Designer Frederick Fox, Costume Designer Paul DuPont, Music Director Charles Sanford and Associate Producer Bill Hobin. With this well-coordinated team, Liebman has landed eight of his twelve color spectacles in the Nielsen top ten TV shows.



NBC's LIEBMAN
Off the air, wine and finger bowls.
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or in workshops

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JACQUES TATI

Ad-Lib Tribute. His most recurrent headache results from having to adjust to a brand-new set of stars on every show: "Each one has to be indoctrinated into our way of doing things. Jimmy Durante worked with us as though we'd been together for years. Perry Como gave us an ad-lib tribute at the end of his show. The only time we've had real difficulty was on the first [Betty Hutton] program. It's a matter of accident whether the personal chemistry works or not."

Liebman, 52, says he knows that a scene is good when it gives him "a tingle up and down my spine . . . The tingle is created by some element of beauty." But there is a drawback: "I'm very sentimental, and sometimes I get the tingle from schmaltz." Occasionally, the tingle is replaced by a cringe. Says Liebman: "I cringe at bad taste, at inept jokes, at sloppiness or any lack of fastidiousness." This season Liebman cringed during rehearsals of his swing production of *Pinafore* "because it was too bop. We had the contemporary beat but we had lost Gilbert & Sullivan." Once in a while, Liebman titters but the viewers don't—they dialed away in droves during his 20-minute performance of the New York City Ballet's *Falling Station*. Since that disaster he has kept the dances short and sweet.

In the Gold Mines. When he is off the air, Liebman takes his pleasures seriously. With his wife, ex-Operatic Soprano Sonia Veskova ("She was a pupil of Tetrazzini"), Liebman lives in a six-room Park Avenue apartment with an extensive collection of impressionist and primitive paintings (his favorite artists: Pierre Bonnard, Edouard Vuillard, Ilonka Karasz) and shelves of Dresden china, porcelain figurines and antique service plates. His personal chef "may possibly be the greatest chef in the whole world." Even when the Liebmans dine alone, service is formal: "We always have wine and finger bowls."

This season Liebman imported some of his top stars from abroad, notably Britain's Jean Carson and France's Jacques

Tati and Jeanmaire. He hopes to get Imogene Coca back under his wing for a production of *Happy Birthday*, and is looking for a vehicle for Sid Caesar.

The future course of NBC's spectaculars is undecided. For himself, Liebman would like to handle more things but with less personal involvement: "Up till now I've been in the salt mines in contact with every part of the operation. I may just turn executive producer and supervise a number of shows, say a half-hour comedy, an hour variety and a half-hour musical as well as a few color spectacles." That way, he thinks, he might get a few hours off to call his own.

Program Preview

For the week starting Wednesday, March 9. Times are E.S.T., subject to change.

TELEVISION

Disneyland (Wed. 7:30 p.m., ABC). *Man in Space*.

Championship Boxing (Wed. 10 p.m., CBS Radio & TV). For the bantamweight title: Thailand's Chamrern Songkitrat v. Mexico's Raton Macias.

Spectacular (Sat. 9 p.m., NBC). A Connecticut Yankee, with Eddie Albert, Boris Karloff, Janet Blair.

Eamon de Valera (Sun. 3 p.m., NBC). Interview with Ireland's first President.

Toast of the Town. (Sun. 8 p.m., CBS). St. Patrick's Day variety.

RADIO

Parade of Stars (Thurs. 9:30 p.m., NBC). With Dan O'Hearn, Donna Reed, Jeanette MacDonald.

Metropolitan Opera (Sat. 2 p.m., ABC). *Otello*.

Conversation (Sat. 8 p.m., NBC). "Nonconforming American," discussed by Adlai Stevenson, Alistair Cooke, Bergen Evans, Clifton Fadiman.

Philadelphia Orchestra (Sun. 12:30 p.m., CBS). Music of Wagner, Tchaikovsky, directed by Eugene Ormandy.



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THE PRESS

Comic Strips Down

Many a managing editor worries more about his comic strips than his front page. Last week Philadelphia *Bulletin* Managing Editor Walter Lister gave the editors more to worry about. Said he: "Comics, once regarded as a specific for all circulation ills, are now the sick chicks of the newspaper business." The measure of a strip has long been 50% readership for a good comic, up to 80% for the best, e.g., *Dick Tracy*, *L'il Abner*. But a recent survey in one major U.S. city showed that of 40 strips published, only 13 have 50% readership (v. 20 in 1950). Readership of all comics has declined there an average 15% since a 1950 survey.

One big reason, says Lister, is television, which has lured readers away from the newspapers' back pages. For example, in Dothan, Ala., which has no television reception, comic-strip readership is 68%; in Anniston, Ala., which can tune in on six TV stations, readership is down to 31%.

Next to newspapers, the best-read publications in the U.S. are comic books, the University of California's Bureau of Public Administration reported last week. Comic-book circulation exceeds a billion copies yearly, and the \$100 million spent on them is 1) more than U.S. grade and high schools spend for books and 2) four times the book budgets of U.S. public libraries. Readers are not all children. Comic books are regularly read by 25% of high-school graduates, 16% of college graduates and 12% of U.S. teachers.

Senator v. Editor

As a country editor, Leroy Gore, 50, did so well running Midwest papers that he was able to start the Sauk-Prairie *Star* in Sauk City, Wis., in 1952. Editor Gore filled the *Star* with tried-and-true reader-catching personals, a homespun "Star Dust" column, and two columns of editorials under a good-humored standing slogan (H. L. Mencken's "Every little squirt thinks he's a fountain of wisdom"). The *Star's* circulation climbed to 3,200, and the paper turned a near profit.

Then Editor Gore ran into trouble. A year ago, objecting to Senator Joe McCarthy's attacks on President Eisenhower, he called on his fellow Wisconsinites "to shake off the soiled and suffocating cloak of McCarthyism." Then Editor Gore stepped out of his role as newspaperman. As his idea caught on, he used his job plant to print petitions for McCarthy's recall, and he organized the Joe Must Go Club to handle the flood of incoming mail and petitions. He also made speeches around the state, found himself a rallying point for anti-McCarthyites.

After the attempt to recall McCarthy failed, pro-McCarthy County Prosecutor Harlan Kelley took out after Gore. He charged that Gore and his Joe Must Go Club had violated a state law that prohibits corporations from contributing



Francis Miller—Life

EDITOR GORE
Old friends stopped speaking.

money for political purposes. Gore pointed out in court that at least 40 incorporated organizations, e.g., the Wisconsin G.O.P. Inc., the Young Democratic Club of Wisconsin, were also violating the law. But reasoning that two wrongs do not make a right, Circuit Judge Bruce Beiffuss slapped a \$4,200 fine on the club.

Neither the campaign's failure nor the court's decision hurt Gore as much as the loss of his easy familiarity with the old town. Said Gore: "Fewer people called in to volunteer news, and . . . a little paper depends on people calling in personals and news like that . . . It kind of hurts when



GENERAL MANAGER KERN
An old hand kept his balance.

friends that have been friends for years stop speaking to you." Subscriptions went down to 2,700; advertising slumped 25%. Fewer than 500 people turned up for the *Star's* annual picnic, v. 10,000 the year before. Last week Editor Gore sold the *Star* (for \$50,000), turned the keys over to Elmer and Robert Anderson, weekly newspapermen from Minnesota. Said he: "I haven't put out what I thought was a good newspaper since last March, and when you get to that point it's time to let somebody else try."

Changes at Hearst

In the top echelons of the Hearst empire there was a major shifting of bosses last week. After 15 years as general manager of the Hearst papers, J. D. Gorlatowsky, 69, gave up the job (though he will remain as titular Hearst chairman). To Harold G. Kern, 56, a Hearstling for 30 years, went the title of general manager. To 47-year-old William Randolph Hearst Jr., just back from a tour of Russia (*TIME*, Feb. 21), went a title that has been unused since his father's death in 1951: editor in chief.

To take some of the load off "Gorty" Gorlatowsky, who rose to the top through editorial channels, Hearst directors had chosen a man from the business side. Boston-born Harold Kern joined the advertising department of Hearst's Boston *American* in the '20s. He worked for Hearst's national advertising office for several years, in 1938 was made publisher of Hearst's three Boston papers (*Record*, *American* and *Sunday Advertiser*). All three were limping along, with the *American* in the worst shape financially. Kern changed it to match the tabloid format of the *Record*, started a combination advertising rate for all three papers. By running them as a unit, he soon put the papers in the black, was rewarded by being made a permanent trustee of Hearst Sr.'s estate.

For Kern, said a colleague last week, "it's been a long, uphill pull. He kept his equilibrium, which is no small feat in the Hearst empire." As general manager of the newspapers, Kern will have a chance to communicate his sense of equilibrium where it is needed most—on the Hearst company's balance sheet. Last week Hearst directors voted to pay no quarterly dividend, though they noted "a distinct improvement in earnings over last year," when nine-month losses ran to more than \$1,000,000 (*TIME*, Nov. 15).

Covering the Royal Family

When Princess Margaret arrived back in Great Britain from her Caribbean tour last week, palace press officials breathed a sigh of relief. Everyone agreed that her trip was a great success, and her press relations were marred by only one unfortunate incident.* To the royal press

* In Nassau, where overzealous police roughed up *Photographer J. Pedrazzini of Paris Match* and clubbed *London Daily Sketch* Photographer David Johnson while clearing a dock for the princess to disembark. The government promptly expressed regret to the cameramen.

secretaries, any such tour is a ticklish matter. At home the rules for press coverage are clearly drawn, i.e., the only official news on the royal family is handed out in daily court releases. But when royalty goes a-junketing, an entirely different set of rules applies. When the Queen Mother came to the U.S. last year, for example, she toured New York shops with the press trailing behind, then held a press conference, almost American style. But when the British press asked for the same sort of conference on her return home, they were sternly reminded by Buckingham Palace that things just are not done that way in Britain.

Underwear & Hair Tonic. In a nation where a change of a royal hairdo is news, covering the royal family is often the world's most frustrating assignment. Only two reporters are accredited to Buckingham Palace, representatives of the Press Association and Exchange Telegraph wire services. They act as little more than messengers, daily picking up carefully prepared handouts from the Queen's press secretary, Commander Richard Colville. A Scot whose titled family has long served in the royal household, Colville joined the Royal Navy in 1925, served on the royal yacht, was tapped by King George VI in 1947 to be press secretary, asked by Queen Elizabeth II to stay on as court spokesman. Dutifully, the London *Times* and the *Daily Telegraph* print his handouts under the royal coat of arms and the heading, "Court Circular."

But for the tabloids, whose readers thirst for backstairs gossip, the drab releases are not enough. They thrive on rumors (most of them inaccurate) picked up from various royal employees—and occasionally on eyewitness accounts by those who have left the royal household. On all such journalistic works the palace frowns. Last year, after an ex-valet to the Duke of Edinburgh wrote for the Sunday *Pictorial* that Philip wears long underwear in the winter, and uses a lotion to retard the thinning of his hair, Press Secretary Colville put his foot down. To the British Press Council went a stern note: "You will, I am sure, readily agree that the Queen is entitled to expect that her family will attain the privacy at home which all other families are entitled to enjoy." Royal employees are now required to sign a pledge not to publish or "give any information . . . which might be communicated to the Press."

Private Matter. When royalty goes nightclubbing, the word occasionally leaks out through a complex underground of waiters, doormen and barmen. But any photographer who is sent to the scene is met at the door of the nightclub and turned away by a royal detective. Once a news photographer got a picture of six-year-old Prince Charles on his way to a cousin's birthday party. But when the photographer's editor called the palace to get some caption material, he was brusquely informed that the color of the coat was a "private matter."

Because palace newscasts are so rare, they are treasured. Keystone Press Agency



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proudly claims two, both pictures of Prince Charles. One was a shot of the prince peeping over a wall watching a parade in 1950. The other was achieved early in 1949, when Keystone figured that some day soon the prince's nurse would wheel his pram into the gardens of Buckingham Palace. Keystone stationed a photographer with a long-range lens in a flat overlooking the gardens from a distance. After about two weeks, the big event happened. When papers printed the picture of nurse, Charlie and pram, irate palace officials put locks and guards on all buildings from which photos might be taken.

Passive Resistance. Nevertheless, enterprise can pay off. When Elizabeth was photographed at a 1946 wedding, standing next to Philip, Editor Herbert Gunn of the *Evening Standard* noticed her expression as she looked at Philip. He began tracing Philip's movements, found that they coincided closely with Elizabeth's, was the first to imply that they were in love. News of Margaret's romance with Group Captain Peter Townsend, though long rumored in Britain, was first broken by the American press. Once the story of the romance broke in the U.S., however, London papers played the story; *The Daily Mirror* even ran a poll among its readers to see if they approved of the affair (they did, 67,007 to 2,235). For the sum the *Mirror* was reprimanded by the Press Council.

Sometimes the press rebels at the restrictions. A few weeks ago, when police jostled photographers out of position as the royal family was arriving at London's Liverpool Street Station, the photographers solemnly lined up, cameras at their sides. They doffed their hats as royalty passed, but took not a single picture. Next day Press Secretary Colville coldly explained: "The Queen's arrival was private. In such cases photographs are not allowed on the platform." Nevertheless, the royal family had apparently not cared for the way the photographers had been treated. Since then, the police have gone out of their way to be nice to them.

Typewriter Curtain

Like public officials everywhere, New York's new Governor W. Averell Harriman likes to hold informal, off-the-record meetings with reporters. But unlike most state governors, Harriman had a special press problem: Albany Correspondent Michael Singer of Manhattan's Communist *Daily Worker*. Last week Harriman's press secretary, Charles Van Devander, barred Singer and all other *Worker* reporters from Harriman's off-the-record conferences (but not from regular press conferences).¹⁰

Cause of the ban: Harriman's reluctance "to talk as freely with other Albany correspondents in the presence of a representative of the *Daily Worker*."

¹⁰ In Washington Tass correspondents are not invited to Cabinet officers' background sessions, but do attend full-dress press conferences, including those held by President Eisenhower.

TYPICAL TRIP: St. Louis to Clarksburg, W. Va. in 5 hrs . . . repaired equipment (averting shutdown of 1100-man plant)...back home in half of airline time. Result: . . . new business from customer's 12 branch plants!



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He covers More Ground

Quarterbacking his Beacon Machinery Co. in a sleek, 4-place Cessna 180, Frank Fenton parlayed \$25 into a \$420,000-a-year business in 7 years! He flies 6,000 miles a month, showing prospects his line of adjustable dock ramps, trouble-shooting installations, securing parts for his East St. Louis plant, pep-talking salesmen in 50 cities . . . is still home every week end! He says, "The 180 is a totally new airplane—fast, powerful, a real workhorse. Yet it uses only 13 gallons of gas an hour. And it's as stable as the 170 I owned before."



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The possibilities are unlimited when you have this 4-passenger Cessna ready to take you where you want to go, return home the moment you're ready! Immediate transportation service of Cessna 180 gives valuable time for extra business activity, or for relaxing at home with your family. Business conferences can be held aloft comfortably, in the luxurious cabin. And, you can easily learn to fly the Cessna 180, or there are many, qualified young pilots available. \$12,950.* See nearest Cessna dealer listed in yellow pages of phone book or write CESSNA AIR-CRAFT CO., DEPT. TM-33, WICHITA, KANSAS. *f.o.b. Wichita



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Says Dolores Fenton, "When Frank fought the highway traffic, I didn't see how he had enough energy left to meet the public. He didn't even get home on many week ends! Now, he's relaxed and home so much more often. Week ends, we take the children on flying vacations. It has broadened their education and outlook so much!"

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Read a piece in my paper the other morning on how the Army saved \$246,000 a year when it quit buying watered vinegar.

Seems the quartermaster had been specifying 40-grain vinegar for years. Nobody knows why. Your own wife uses the stronger 50-grain stuff. But Army suppliers de-soured it to 40, at an extra charge of almost a quarter million.

Same ALAP story tells about a sergeant who observed that Army brooms were never hung up anyway, so why the holes in the handles?

Now, hole-less brooms, non-watered vinegar, and a hundred other assorted common-sense economies save the Army (and tax payers) some fifteen million a year.

As a distiller and practical business man I see no more sense in shipping watered whiskey around the country than watered vinegar.

Whiskey "size" is measured by proof instead of grain—100 proof being the standard set by the government for Bottled-in-Bond.

It is only at this proof that OLD FITZGERALD is ever offered as a worthy adjunct to your business entertaining.

There are several reasons:

1. You don't pay bottling cost or freight on water when it's as handy as your kitchen tap.
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We invite you to join the inner circle of business hosts who have discovered the 100 proof excellence of OLD FITZGERALD, and find it good business to share, in moderation, with associates and friends.

Bonded 100 Proof Original Sour Mash Kentucky Straight Bourbon

MUSIC

The Berliners

The 73-year-old Berlin Philharmonic is up to its white ties in tradition. Its first renowned conductor was Hans von Bülow, distinguished among other things for the fact that his wife Cosima ran away with (and eventually married) Richard Wagner. Johannes Brahms played with the Philharmonic as a piano soloist, and the famed Arthur Nikisch became its conductor in time to take the orchestra to Moscow for the coronation of Czar Nicholas II in 1896. In the next half a century, a lot of things went out of the world, including czars, and Germany became famed for other names than Brahms, but the Berliners managed to go on making music — for much of the last 33 years under the late great Wilhelm Furtwängler.

Last week the Berlin Philharmonic started its first U.S. tour. Its conductor: Herbert von Karajan, who was chosen to take the orchestra on the trip after Furtwängler died last fall. In its programs the Berlin Philharmonic stuck rigidly to tradition. Its selections in New York last week were downright condescending: Haydn's *Symphony No. 104, Prelude and Love Death* from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde* and Beethoven's *Symphony No. 5*. The Berliners seemed determined to show the New World how the old classical war horses should be tamed.

Through the evening the orchestra had a mellow, thicker tone than its great U.S. colleagues. Its string section sounded as sweet and intimate as a string quartet, its winds included a solo flute and solo oboe of melting beauty, and its brasses played with a polished but slightly lethargic quality. Conductor von Karajan, lean and dapper, planted his feet firmly, took a stance with elbows bent as if carrying an invisible basket of flowers. His style was mannered—in his most ardent moments he bent stiffly from the waist and closed his eyes—and he gave the impression of overseeing the music rather than participating in it. When the score called for a punchy chord, his baton descended as if through a barrel of oil, and the orchestra hesitated a full second before it sounded.

The result was a fine, Old-World performance that rarely surged with excitement but was lovingly correct and sometimes glowed with insight. Most appealing moment: the slow movement of the Beethoven, in which the strings sang their melodies against trickling woodwinds. When it was over, the crowd shouted its approval, and the orchestra gave an encore: the *Overture to Tannhäuser*. Von Karajan accepted a basket of chrysanthemums, plucked one and presented it to his concertmaster.

Salzburg-born Herbert von Karajan, 46, began his career as a pianist, became conductor of a small opera house (at Ulm) when he was 21. Today he is regarded as one of the world's finest conductors, but personally one of the most difficult. In



Max Entert—Black Star

CONDUCTOR VON KARAJAN
How to tame old war horses.

1939 he began a running musical feud with Furtwängler. In 1948, when both men were conducting the Vienna Philharmonic, Von Karajan left when he lost a battle over rehearsal rights. Later, he also abandoned Salzburg to his older rival, took refuge in Bayreuth, which he left in turn after he insisted on changing some of Wagner's most sacred musical traditions. Last week at last, Von Karajan formally replaced his old rival, agreed to become the Berlin Philharmonic's permanent conductor.*

Von Karajan's most ticklish personal problem: his membership (1933 to 1942) in the Nazi Party, which brought protests against his tour from members of Manhattan's musicians' union and the Jewish War Veterans. Pickets around Carnegie Hall chanted: "Send the Nazis home!" Replied Von Karajan in effect: public funds had to become Nazis under Hitler in order to get along. Before continuing his tour (it will take the Berliners as far west as Milwaukee, as far north as Montreal), Von Karajan declared: "I have nothing to say about politics. I occupy myself with music."

Home Run in Seattle

Conductors of the Seattle Symphony used to have about as much job security as French Premiers. In its 51 years the orchestra has had 13 "permanent" conductors, and few of them managed to last more than a season or two. Seattle's worst moment came in 1951, when French Conductor Manuel Rosenthal was forbidden re-entry to the U.S. for a Gallic breach of

* But he will continue to commute to London for frequent appearances with the famed Philharmonia Orchestra, and to Milan for La Scala opera.

morals (the official reason was perjury concerning his marital status when he returned; the lady who traveled with him was not his wife). After the symphony's officials stopped blushing, they decided not to hire anyone for a while but to study a relay of guest conductors. By far the most popular of the visitors proved to be Brooklyn-born Milton Katims. The guest was asked twice, and last fall the board signed him up.

Life is not easy for the Seattle Symphony. At a salary of \$11 a rehearsal or concert, musicians earn their livings at other jobs: two violinists are longshoremen, one cellist a bus driver, most others teach music or play in dance bands. But energetic Conductor Katims, 45, made the orchestra sound better than it has in years and proved himself a man to watch among the younger U.S. conductors.

"Barbaric!" With a springy step, a cheerful and firm manner and a superior baton technique, Katims can be as impassioned as Toscanini (he played the viola under the Maestro for eight years to study his technique, guest-conducted the NBC Symphony 52 times). "Warm . . . tender . . . dream with me!" Katims will shout in rehearsal, or "Barbaric! Make it barbaric!" "Come on," he once implored the cellos, trying to get them in the mood for *Salomé*'s final scene. "I want you to play like a bunch of sluts." At a recent rehearsal with Violinist Nathan Milstein, Katims called a halt to plead with the musicians: "Make it sparkle, Like—not like champagne. I've used that one too often . . ." Milstein leaned over to whisper in his ear, and Katims' face lit up. "That's it," he cried, "like Seven-Up."

With his orchestra well in hand, Katims schedules everything from Brahms to Morton Gould, interests all sorts of listeners. This season, for the first time, the orchestra's eight-concert subscription series was a complete sellout (2,600 sub-



Charles R. Pearson

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How to spot danger signals in your wiring



by

J.B. Clayton, Sr.
President

NATIONAL ELECTRICAL
CONTRACTORS ASSOCIATION

We electrical contractors are being asked quite often of late:

"What's behind all this talk about inadequate wiring? Is it really as serious as they say? How can I tell whether my wiring is safe or not?"

Weak wiring's pretty serious, all right. It's estimated, for example, that faulty wiring causes as much as \$100,000,000 in fire losses a year.

Add to this the uncountable cost of burned out motors and appliances, money lost through not getting your full dollar's worth of electric current—to say nothing of the unmeasurable loss through fire-caused injuries and deaths—and you'll get some idea of the tremendous stakes involved.

How can you recognize danger signals? Not all symptoms of weak wiring are readily apparent, but here are a few that are. You're courting danger if: Fuses blow often • Toasters, irons, grills and similar appliances are slow to heat up • Lights grow noticeably dimmer when an appliance switches on • Television reception turns bad the moment another appliance is used • Your wall outlets are cluttered with multiple plugs (commonly called "octopus outlets").

Other symptoms are hidden from view and can be found only by experienced electrical technicians using special instruments. But if any of the above commoner signals reveal themselves, don't delay — have your wiring checked by a qualified electrical contractor.

You'll find members of the National Electrical Contractors Association (NECA) exceptionally well-qualified to serve you. For the address of the NECA contractor nearest you, consult the Yellow Pages of your telephone directory—or write direct to me at 610 Ring Building, Washington 6, D. C.

scribers). Katims also expanded a series of \$1-admission concerts in the suburbs (where he sometimes gets a local businessman to take the baton for the concluding number), and so excited one old music lover that she offered a \$150,000 apartment building toward a new hall. Next year's budget will be bumped from \$160,000 to \$215,000 (half again as many concerts, more big-name soloists), and the prestigious Koussevitzky Foundation has named Seattle as one of the cities where its commissioned works will get first performances (others: Los Angeles, Washington, D.C.).

Critical Ball Game. Last month Seattle started to worry again. On his winter leave Conductor Katims did a grueling, 17-concert guest stint with the Houston Symphony. Word leaked out that Houston, which was in the market for a permanent conductor (TIME, Feb. 7), made Katims

an offer—\$30,000 a year, far more than he gets in Seattle (about \$18,000). Seattle prepared itself to be conductorless once more.

But on his return Katims smilingly announced that he had turned down the Houston invitation.* Said he: "I felt a musically moral—or morally musical—obligation to carry on in Seattle what we have started. I feel I am backed completely by the orchestra, the board and the public. To leave now would be like leaving in the eighth inning of a critical ball game when victory is in sight." He was seconded last week by Guest Cellist Gregor Piatigorsky: "It is clear he has started something that is very exciting."

Katims is scheduled to stay in Seattle two more seasons. After that? "Where do baseball players always want to go?" he asks. "The New York Yankees. With a conductor it's the Boston Symphony."

MILESTONES

Divorced. Ed Wynn (real name: Isaiah Edwin Leopold), 68, lisping, giggling stage and TV comic and father of Cinemactor Keenan Wynn: by Dorothy Elizabeth Nesbitt, 50; after 8½ years of marriage, no children; in Santa Monica, Calif.

Died. Lieut. General François Gonzales de Linares, 57, Inspector General of the French Army, commander of the French Far Eastern forces which smashed the 1952-53 Viet Minh offensive against Hanoi; of a cerebral hemorrhage; in Baden-Baden, Germany.

Died. Fernand Point, 58, 300-lb., 65-inch-girthed prince of French restaurateurs, owner of the Restaurant des Pyramides, famed gourmets' oasis on the road between Paris and the Riviera; after long illness: in Vienne, France. Gourmet Point mercilessly ejected between-course smokers, got the Legion of Honor from General De Latte de Tassigny and the Distinguished Service Medal from Britain's King George VI for his services as "ambassador of French gastronomy."

Died. William W. Smith II, 67, president of Smith Brothers Cough Drops, great-grandson of Company Founder (in 1847) James Smith, and grandson of William Smith, whose familiar, luxuriantly bearded face still appears with that of brother Andrew on the company's 5¢ pocket package; of a heart attack; in Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Died. Tom Howard, 69, veteran vaudeville and stage comedian (*The Gang's All Here, Rain or Shine*), most recently the writer and thick-witted quizmaster of radio's *It Pays to Be Ignorant*; of a heart ailment; in Long Branch, N.J.

Died. Ethel Levey, 73, first wife of the late Song-and-Dance Man George M. Cohan, and musical comedy headliner of the

U.S. and British stage (*George Washington, Jr., Hello Ragtime, Good-bye, Flo*); of a heart attack; in Manhattan.

Died. Sir Stephen J. Pigott, 75, U.S.-born British marine engineer and father-in-law of Senator Estes Kefauver, knighted in 1939 for his work in designing the engines that power the *Queen Mary* and the *Queen Elizabeth*; at Closeburn Castle, Dumfriesshire, Scotland.

Died. William C. de Mille, 76, veteran playwright (*Strongheart, The Warrens of Virginia*) and motion picture director (*Craig's Wife, Passion Flower*), sometime (1941-53) head of the University of Southern California's drama department, brother of Producer-Director Cecil B. DeMille and father of Choreographer Agnes de Mille; in Playa del Rey, Calif.

Died. Trixie Friganza (real name: Bridget O'Callaghan), 83, famed turn-of-the-century musical comedy star (*Sally in Our Alley, Hit the Deck*) and silent screen comedienne (*The Road to Yesterday, Free and Easy*), known as vaudeville's "Champagne Girl"; at the Sacred Heart Academy in Flintridge, Calif., where she had been living in retirement since 1939.

Died. Mother Mary Katharine Drexel, 96, Philadelphia heiress turned nun, widely honored as the founder (in 1891) and first superior general of the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament for Indians and Colored People; in Cornwells Heights, Pa. The daughter of Multimillionaire Banker Francis Anthony Drexel. Mother Katharine renounced personal wealth and social position in her 20s, dedicated her life and the income from her \$7,500,000 inheritance to charitable and educational work among American Indians and Negroes.

* Houston Inter signed Leopold Stokowski, 72, as permanent conductor with a three-year contract.

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BUSINESS

WALL STREET

When the Market Is High

When Democratic Senator J. William Fulbright casually told a reporter last January that the Senate Banking and Currency Committee might look into the booming stock market, he got a rude jolt. As the news hit the wires, stock prices were falling. Hurriedly, the Senator, scared by the political effect of a market break, called in the press. What he had in mind, said Fulbright, was no punitive probe like the 1932-34 Pecora investigation (when a circus press agent popped a midget on J. P. Morgan's knee). Instead, Fulbright was planning "a friendly study."

Last week, as the Dow-Jones industrial average hit a new high of 419.68, the friendly study got under way in the Senate caucus room. First witness was President G. Keith Funston of the New York Stock Exchange. Neatly turned out in a grey plaid suit, Funston started testifying nervously, polished off two full pitchers of water before lunch. But as he worked through his scholarly study of why the market has risen, he relaxed, realizing that he was indeed among friends. There were plenty of reasons why demand for stocks has gone up so fast, said Funston. Among them: easy money and credit, postwar inflation, institutional buying, the death of the excess-profits tax. At the same time the supply of stocks has not kept pace, partly because corporations have been raising money by borrowing instead of issuing stock, partly because the 25% capital-gains tax discourages investors from selling. Funston suggested that the tax should be halved, and the holding period (to qualify for long-term gains) cut from six to three months.



PRESIDENT FUNSTON
Two pitchers.

Funston also suggested that the capital-gains benefits now accorded home buyers be extended to stock buyers. If an investor sold stock and put the money into another stock within six months, the capital-gains tax should be waived, as it now is for home buyers.

Good Climate. Even at present levels, said Funston, the market is not too high. Stock yields now average 4.3% v. 3.3% in 1929; stock prices, in terms of 1929 dollars, have risen but 68% in a period when the size of the U.S. economy has doubled. Furthermore, the market today has little of the speculative froth of the past; only 1.1% of the value of the listed issues is held on margin (v. 10% in 1929).

In a poll of brokers, the Banking and Currency Committee had found that many attributed the recent rise to confidence in the Eisenhower Administration.



Albert Fenn—LifT
TIPSTER WINCHELL
One headache.

Indiana's Republican Senator Homer Capehart decided to get in a few political licks: Did Funston agree? Funston neatly dodged the question. Said he: "I would agree it shows confidence in the future, but what the exact reason is, I don't know." Fulbright wanted to know if the exchange's campaign to get more investors in the market was not "inflationary" in that it contributed to the shortage of stocks. The object, said Funston, was not to persuade people to buy but "to create a climate where our members can sell stocks." To the "two miracles of mass production and mass consumption which have done so much for our country, we must add a third: mass investment . . . We believe that owning their own industries is good for [Americans]."

Was Funston worried about a market break? Not at all, said he. "I bought some



Associated Press
PRESIDENT MCCORMICK
Three miracles.

stocks in January and February, and as soon as I get some more savings, I'm going to buy some more."

Dogs & Rumors. Next day, up stepped President Edward McCormick of the American Stock Exchange, a lifelong Democrat and sometime SEC commissioner under Harry Truman. Like Funston, McCormick argued that stock prices are not out of hand. Said he: while Standard & Poor's stock index "shows an increase from 1929 of 13%, cost of living is up 56%, farm income 133% . . . hourly wages 228%, bank deposits 220%, personal income 230%, gross national product 242%." Was today's stock market like 1929? There are "dogs on both exchanges," said McCormick. But "let's not kid ourselves. The market in 1929 was rigged . . . Pools were operating it. We don't have that kind of market now." Today, he added, "we have a rule that it's grounds for expulsion if a member is found spreading rumors."

But what about other rumor spreaders, specifically radio & TV tipsters such as Walter Winchell? Said McCormick: "It is one of [my] biggest headaches." McCormick told about the havoc caused by Winchell's tip on Panhandle Oil one Sunday night (*TIME*, Jan. 31). The stock had closed on Friday at \$3, and McCormick knew that it would soar at the opening on Monday; it was up to David Jackson, the American Exchange specialist in Panhandle, to do everything he could to maintain an orderly market in the stock by supplying as much as he could.

Since there were orders to buy 357,600 shares of stock "at the market price" and few orders to sell, there was no way to post an opening price for the stock. The best guess was that the stock would open

at 15, and all the buyers at the market would have to pay that price. The only way the buy orders could be filled was for Jackson to sell 133,000 shares short, i.e., stock that he did not have, in hope of buying it back cheaper later. After three hours Pantepoc finally opened at \$3. It proved to be its peak. As the price eased, Jackson began to buy to cover his short sales, thus kept the market from collapsing. In the process he made \$50,000. (In a similar situation last year, he lost \$100,000.) Last week, said McCormick, Pantepoc was down to 7, and those who bought on the Winchell tip had lost almost one-third of their money. Added McCormick: "Imagine what the losses would have been if we had allowed it to open at 15." To give an idea, McCormick cited another Winchell tip: an assertion in 1953 that Amurex Oil had brought in a new field. After the Sunday-night broadcast, the stock opened at \$20, up 6 points from the Friday close. When Amurex denied the reports, the stock dropped, costing buyers \$2,125,000.

One of the remarkable aspects of the Pantepoc deal was that in the week before the Winchell tip, the volume of trading in the stock hit 170,000 shares, v. a normal weekly average of 20,000 shares. McCormick handed to the committee the names of all the people who had bought the stock before and after the tip. At week's end Senator Capehart said he was "sure" that Winchell would be called to the witness stand to testify on his tips.

AVIATION Prize for Boeing

Boeing's President William McPherson Allen flew into Seattle from Washington last week with a big smile on his face and a bigger contract in his pocket. Boeing had won the Air Force competition for jet tankers over both Douglas and Lockheed. Prize: a \$460 million contract for a "substantial" number (more than 200) of KC-135s, the modified version of Boeing's 707 prototype jet transport (*TIME*, March 8, 1954). For Lockheed, there was a consolation prize consisting of a development contract for an "advanced" type of tanker.

The big new contract, along with the KC-135s already on order, brings Boeing's total jet-tanker commitments to \$700 million. Except for Lockheed's B-47 production at its Marietta plant, the contract makes Boeing virtually the sole supplier of medium (B-47, KC-97 tankers) and heavy (B-52) planes for the Air Force. It was also good news for United Aircraft Corp., which will supply some \$180 million worth of J-57 Pratt & Whitney engines for the tankers, and for some 8,000 Boeing suppliers. For Boeing, it assures high-level production into 1958—and another big step toward being the first U.S. aircraft company with a commercial jet airliner. Airline operators guessed that the Air Force would let Boeing take orders for commercial transports, since the Air Force itself is interested in building such a civilian fleet.



Joe Schenckel—Lira
VENEZUELA'S MENDOZA



Joe Schenckel—Lira
NEW ORLEANS' HECHT



Vernon Goldby—New Orleans States
CHILE'S DÁVILA
More than just good neighbors.

FOREIGN TRADE Partnership in New Orleans

Foreign private capital cannot be driven. It must be attracted. Real cooperation in this hemisphere can result only from adherence to consistent economic programs honorably and continuously observed . . . The U.S. will seek to be more than a good neighbor. It will be a good partner.

With these words in New Orleans last week, Dr. Milton Eisenhower, the President's special emissary to Latin America in 1953, set the keynote for a new kind of economic conference. Its purpose: to boost future U.S. investment in Latin America through a partnership of businessmen instead of governments. The first Inter-American Investment Conference achieved a notable goal: in many a deal North Americans tentatively agreed to furnish capital for Latin America.

Sponsored by the city of New Orleans and TIME Inc., the idea got its first big boost after last year's Rio Conference where Latin American hopes for U.S. Government loans so greatly overshadowed private economic cooperation that little was accomplished. But in New Orleans, under the spur of Shipping Tycoon (Mississippi Shipping Co.) Rudolf S. Hecht, chairman of the city's trade-minded International House, private businessmen were eager to carry the ball. The Latin American delegations came prepared with a 50-page prospectus of more than 300 specific projects in their home countries to show U.S. investors. At the opening meeting, 1,200 delegates from the U.S. and 20 Latin American nations jammed New Orleans' Masonic Temple auditorium to see filmed messages of welcome from President Eisenhower and Vice President Nixon. Then they got down to brass tacks.

Fever & Profits. In meetings and panel discussions the delegates heard some frank talk from both sides of the border. Pulling no punches, Alberto Lleras Camargo, one-time President of Colombia, told U.S. businessmen flatly that they expect too much. Said he: Let's not waste time arguing about the need for stability. "For over 300 years there was more stability than was good for human nature." Latin America, said Lleras Camargo, is having its industrial and cultural revolution all in a rush; it can either develop under government control or through imaginative private investment. "Is such a spirit lacking in the U.S.?" he asked. "I don't think so." Added Lleras Camargo: U.S. capital cannot let the chance get away by waiting for insurance against "loss, risk and yellow fever."

São Paulo Banker Herbert Levy told fretful U.S. businessmen to quit worrying about losing money. Snapped Levy: previous U.S. investors in Brazil have made "excellent profits." In Brazil, he said, "U.S. investors have received \$30 million more than they had actually invested."

Chile's Carlos Dávila, secretary-general of the Organization of American States (set up at the Bogotá Conference in 1948), had even better figures to back

TIME CLOCK

G.M.'S HARLOW CURTICE, who predicted 5,800,000 auto sales for 1955, now thinks he was pessimistic. Overall buying of current sales, says Curtice, 1955's market should total 6,600,000 cars, up 20% from 1954, may well top the alltime record 6,665,863 sold in 1950.

URANIUM ORE is pouring out of the West at such a clip that AEC buying cannot keep up. No sooner had AEC begun operation of a new ore-buying station at Riverton, Wyo., last week than it had to announce plans for two more new stations, one at Greenriver, Utah and the other at Cutler, Ariz.

BUY-AMERICAN POLICY will be eased by the Defense Department to give foreign companies a better chance to compete for military contracts. In line with the Administration's policy on foreign buying (TIME, Dec. 27), Defense Secretary Wilson will give contracts to foreign low bidders when the difference between the lowest foreign and domestic bids is 6% or more of the foreign bid (instead of 25% as formerly), except in cases where the U.S. firm involved is vital to the public interest.

AFRICAN DAM will be built at Kariba Gorge on the Zambezi River. Plans projected by the Central African Federation (TIME, Sept. 21, 1953) call for a \$240 million dam that will have a 400-ft. wall backing up a lake 150 miles long. The first six generators to provide power for developing the mineral-rich area (uranium, copper, chrome, asbestos) will be on the line by 1961. Eventual power capacity: 1,000,000 kw.

ROBERT R. YOUNG won his fight to keep Alleghany Corp. out of reach of the Securities & Exchange Commission's strict regulations. The Interstate Commerce Commission ruled that Alleghany, which controls the

New York Central railroad, is a railroad carrier coming under its more flexible rules, thus overriding SEC, which had contended that Alleghany was an investment company.

GUARANTEED WAGE, the big issue for the auto industry this year, will not be an issue in the steel industry during 1955. Says steelworkers' President David J. McDonald: "Our agreements provide for wage reopening only. I believe in adhering to our collective-bargaining agreements."

WHEAT GLUT is still growing, will push up another 75 million bu. by the end of fiscal 1955, predicts Agriculture Secretary Ezra Benson. Estimated total for Benson's No. 1 surplus headache: 975 million bu., most of it in Government storage bins.

SECURITIES SALES by U.S. corporations rose last year to the highest level since 1929. To get new money, largely for expansion, U.S. companies offered \$9.6 billion in stocks and bonds, some 8% more than in 1953 and \$200 million more than in 1929. Biggest sellers: utility companies, whose \$3.7 billion in securities amounted to 39% of the total.

ADVERTISING spending is still climbing at a rapid pace, reports *Advertising Age*. In 1954 the 60 top (\$10 million or better) U.S. and Canadian agencies billed \$2.2 billion in ads, a 10% increase over 1953. Four U.S. advertising agencies cracked the \$100 million mark.

AUTOMATED OUTPUT LINE will be built by Plymouth in Detroit to increase production of its new V-8 engine. To be in operation late this fall, the enlarged plant will have \$50,000 sq. ft. of floor space, two parallel production lines for engines, with all the latest automation processes for machining engine blocks. Estimated cost: \$48 million.

tions which might fundamentally affect the mobility of either capital or profits. He also has the right to expect that taxes in his own country and in the country of investment shall not duplicate each other so as to remove all incentive for investing abroad. Without such guarantees, it would be foolish to expect substantial help."

In answer, the delegates promised to pressure their governments at home to relax restrictions, hurry along signing of agreements under which the U.S. Government will guarantee investors against expropriation losses if the country involved does not discriminate financially against U.S. firms. In five years only two Latin American nations (Haiti, Costa Rica) have signed. But while the conference was in session, Peru signed, and businessmen from Nicaragua, Cuba, and Guatemala said that they too would work to get their governments to sign.

Screws & Trusts. Beyond that, the conference achieved some encouraging overall results. Among them:

¶ A continuing committee, headed by Eric Johnston, chairman of the President's International Development Advisory Board, and two other businessmen, was set up to watch the course of U.S. investment in cooperation with regional committees, decide when and where to hold another full-scale conference.

¶ The Inter-American Investment Service, a department of New Orleans' International House, will screen and set before U.S. investors new proposals from Latin America. Each of the Latin American nations will form a national committee to screen projects beforehand, send north only the best projects.

¶ A \$15 million Inter-American Investment Trust was agreed upon to provide a steady flow of risk capital for projects that are too small to qualify for Export-Import Bank loans, yet too big for most local bankers. Financiers will meet with New York bankers this month to work out the final details.

Royon & Ice Cream. When it came to the actual deals, even hardheaded Rudy Hecht was astonished. All week long, wherever delegates met in restaurants, at parties, gala receptions, in hotel rooms and hallways, they talked business. Brickmaker José Saprisa from tiny El Salvador wanted—and thought he had got—\$150,000 to expand his factory. Some other, bigger deals on the fire:

¶ Venezuelans were working out a deal for \$50 million for a 2,100-unit housing project in Caracas. The Bank of America said it plans to lend \$15 million to improve sanitation and water systems in several Venezuelan cities.

¶ Brazilians reported that Higgins Inc., New Orleans shipbuilders, talked seriously of investing in a shipyard project, that a Texas group was buying shares in a machinery-import corporation, that two U.S. investment syndicates were interested in a new \$2,500,000 cement plant.

¶ Colombians had offers from New Orleans ice-cream makers to import the country's exotic curuba fruit juice; Esteve Brothers in Dallas were thinking of investing in a cotton project; Cerro de Pasco Corp. was hoping to put new money into Colombian copper mines.

¶ Delegates from Cuba, Mexico, Honduras and Ecuador announced that U.S. firms were strongly interested in helping build a bottle-making plant, expanding a \$4,000,000 rubber plant (Firestone Tire & Rubber) to make cheap sneakers for Mexican farmers; developing a \$5,000,000 building and development project to build homes for Hondurans, operating coffee plantations in Ecuador.

"I Just Made a Deal." Even businessmen familiar with Latin America found opportunities. Said a U.S. investor: "I just made a deal with a Guatemalan I've known for years. Never knew he was interested in that line at all." And for Latinos the conference was a fine opportunity to look around for deals with their colleagues. One Guatemalan investor agreed to put money into a Mexican movie theater specializing in Italian movies.

At week's end the Latino delegates left



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Twenty million tons...a mountain of rock and gravel in California, plus one of iron ore in Minnesota. Sixteen years of hard, rough service and still asking for more!

It's hard to believe that any piece of machinery could last under those conditions and still have at least eight more years of life. But, Rex Belt Conveyor Idlers did exactly that...hauled mountains of material under the roughest type of service, and are still going strong.

The proof? We pulled an idler from the conveyor and took it apart. Physical measurements show it has at

least eight more years of life. Find it hard to believe? We can prove it! We'll be happy to send you the complete data.

This story is typical of the service you can expect from Rex Belt Conveyor Idlers and other products of CHAIN Belt Company. For equipment that speeds production, improves efficiency and reduces costs, the specialized services and products of CHAIN Belt may be able to help you. Write CHAIN Belt Company, 4798 W. Greenfield Avenue, Milwaukee 1, Wisconsin.

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New Orleans for Miami, Houston, Dallas, New York, Chicago and Detroit to follow up on their deals. Most U.S. businessmen headed straight home, but many had plans to fly south later to look over the projects they were interested in. Said a Cleveland financier: "This conference will pay off in millions and hundreds of millions through the years to come."

AUTOS

The Winner?

The winner of the 1954 race for the No. 1 spot in the auto industry was Chevrolet. So said R. L. Polk & Co., the industry statistician, last week. In 1954 automobile registrations, Chevrolet led Ford 1,417,453 cars to 1,400,440.

Ford promptly protested. It charged that Chevrolet had in effect stuffed the ballot box. Its dealers registered 56,802 cars in their own names, nearly 42,000 more than Ford dealers, according to the Polk computations. Only after subtracting the dealer registrations, said Ford Vice President R. S. McNamara, could one arrive at "actual sales to customers." These showed Ford clearly the legitimate winner by 25,257 car registrations, or 2%.

Snapped a Chevrolet official: "Smoke screen. We're still the leaders, and we defy anyone to tell us differently."

To count the number of first-class hotels built in metropolitan U.S. since the war, all a statistician needs are the fingers of both hands. But to total the number of new motels that have sprouted up around big cities and along U.S. highways, the experts need an adding machine. What was once a sorry second choice for prewar travelers has skyrocketed into one of the biggest and fastest-growing of U.S. businesses. By last week, as winterbound families started planning their annual vacation motorcade, some 53,000 motels, doing a \$1.5 billion annual business, dotted the roads from Maine to California. Of the total, 4,000 were built last year alone. Reasons for the big rise are not hard to find: increased population, higher auto sales, more touring, steady prosperity. But the biggest reason is the fact that U.S. motels are offering luxuries that put most hotels—and a good many resorts—to shame.

None are the old clapboard tourist cabins with their cold-water faucets and rickety bedsteads. Today's motelman thinks little of spending \$1,000,000 for his neon-lighted palace (*see opposite page*), where private baths and comfortable beds are as standard as doorknobs. Though the average occupancy rate is still about 70% (about the same for hotels), such a prime vacation place as Las Vegas, Nev., has between 250 to 300 competing motels. Southern California alone has 650; Florida has 4,500, and its motel operators thought the state had all that it could stand 18 months ago. But new motels are still abuilding from Jacksonville to Key West.

To tempt motorists most new motels offer TV and air conditioning, a swimming pool, some kind of food service, children's play areas, and telephones in every room. Says one successful Northwest operator: "People want complete service—a barber, a beauty shop, a car wash—the works." Fort Worth's successful Western Hills Motel (TIME, July 9, 1951) goes a step farther with a separate block of rooms for guests' maids and chauffeurs. In Santa Monica, Calif., the big \$1,500,000 William Tell Motel, which offers a swimming pool, playground, TV and air conditioning, all set in a lush tropical atmosphere, now faces stiff competition from the newer, \$600,000 Highlander Motor Hotel, built with all the standard luxuries

BUSINESS ABROAD

Return of Lufthansa

German travelers hurrying through Frankfurt's bustling Rhein-Main airport stopped in surprise last week as the loudspeaker boomed: "Lufthansa flight from Hamburg to Munich has just arrived." Then most of them rushed to the big waiting-room window and looked out onto the field. There a light-blue Lufthansa Convair, with the familiar eagle painted on its nose, taxied in, completing the first scheduled test run for the line. Germany had her wings back.

It was just ten years ago that a Junkers 52 left Berlin and headed for Madrid on the last Lufthansa flight. For the next decade, with airlines barred by the Allies, all Germans had left were memories of a once-great organization. On the eve of World War II, Lufthansa (founded in 1926) had 125 planes, flew more than a quarter-million passengers 73 million miles a year. It ranked as the world's second airline in passenger miles flown (first: Pan American). It pioneered the Europe-South America run in 1934; two years later it was one of the first to test-fly the North Atlantic.

Eagle into Sparrow. The new Lufthansa, with 90% of its backing from the government, 10% from private investors,

is just a sparrow compared to its old, eagle-size self. Since no plane factories are permitted in Germany, Lufthansa ordered its planes from the U.S.; four Convairs have already arrived and eight Constellations are due, starting later this month. Lufthansa's 70 pilots, recruited from among company veterans, had to retrain and catch up with ten missing years of flight development in Britain, the U.S., and Holland; the peace treaty prohibits flight training in Germany. Recently Lufthansa hired ten pilots from British European Airways as instructors. Mostly, they sat by in the Convair cockpits while the retrained German pilots did the test flying.

Prospects for Lufthansa are not bright. The competition is fierce; virtually every West European nation has its own airline, and even the two largest and best-equipped outfits operating in Germany (Air France and BEA) are currently losing money.

Hardheaded German businessmen estimate that by 1960 the airline will have piled up an 85 million Deutsche Mark (\$20.2 million) deficit and will still be losing money at the rate of 10 million DM (\$2,400,000) yearly.

Objection from France. But Lufthansa is not discouraged. Last year 26 international airlines crisscrossed Germany for

THE BOOM THAT TRAVELERS BUILT

plus piped-in music, a sun deck, and heated swimming pool.

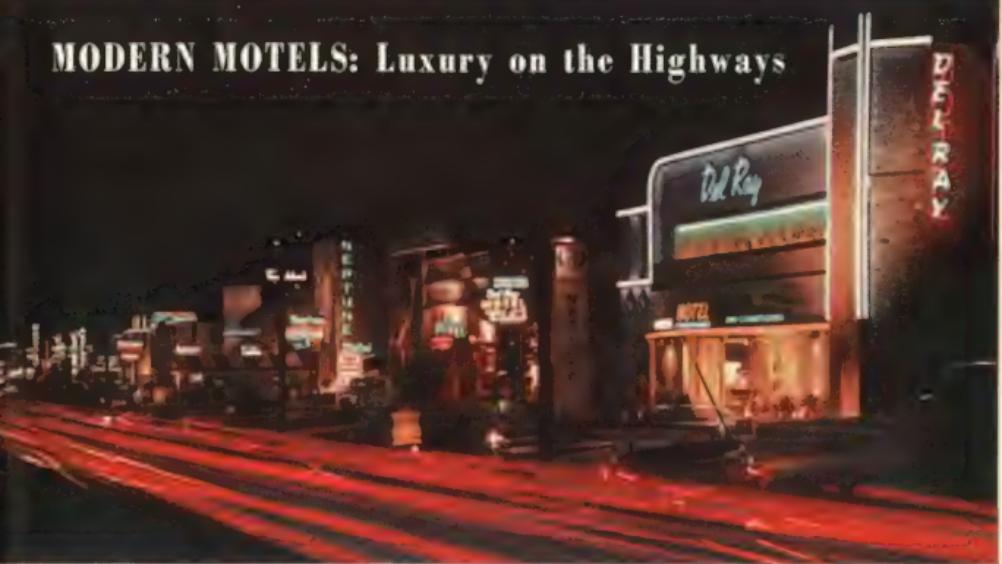
One North Carolina motel keeps its free soft-drink machine available all night, dispenses free hot coffee and doughnuts each morning. The new Georgia and Florida motels have either restaurants or small alcove kitchens (at no extra charge) in their suites. Says the manager of the 96-unit Atlanta Terrace Motel, biggest in the state: "People just won't stop if they have to go elsewhere for food." Others give their guests free morning and evening newspapers, plush communal lounges, playgrounds with shuffleboard, badminton, swings and even horseshoe pits.

The motel business is no place for amateurs, and no place for the man who wants to get rich quick. Many motel owners make a good living, but many others, who were dazzled by the first postwar bubble, settled down in poor locations and have either gone out of business or barely make ends meet. Even the most successful motelmen have problems of rising costs and bitter competition. Since 1945, construction costs have gone up from an average \$2,500 a room to nearly \$5,500, with 15% of the boom in the last two years.

More and more motels are being built in the center of town—traditionally a hotel preserve. In hotel-short New Orleans the new, \$2,000,000 redwood-and-glass Motel de Ville, which has a pool, a cocktail lounge, restaurant and 24-hour room service, is only 15 blocks from the central shopping district, and manages to rack up a 100% occupancy rate. Those who stay outside town struggle for a choice highway intersection, or even a slight rise of ground so that motorists can see them from afar. Wherever a motelman does well, he can soon expect a rival to try to set up an even flossier motel next door.

The motel boom shows little sign of slowing down. Around the U.S. last week, some 900 newer and bigger motels were either under construction or in the planning stage. Yet the motelman, eyeing peak auto output and rising tourism, sees nothing but a happy future for the smart operator. Says Seattle's Frank Seal, owner of a 55-room motel that he built in 1947 for \$92,000 and now values at nearly \$400,000: "It just isn't for sale. This is just too good a thing not to hold on to."

MODERN MOTELS: Luxury on the Highways



FLORIDA MOTEL STRIP dazzles motorists with choice of plush overnight stopping places, lined up side by side for three miles along Collins Avenue approach to Miami Beach.

CALIFORNIA SUN AND SURF are offered by Seafare Lodge at Laguna Beach. Rooms (up to \$25 a day) include use of pool, two tennis courts and private beach on Pacific.





MIAMI BEACH: \$2,000,000, modernistic The Castaways has 172 rooms, includes two pools, beach, boat docks, children's playground.



FORT WORTH: Texas hospitality at the Western Hills includes free coffee

and paper in bed, free golf, own port for helicopters. Room rates: \$4-\$50 a day.



MONUMENT VALLEY: Goulding Lodge's majestic site and 75-mile view reward motorist crossing lonely Utah desert.



NATCHEZ: The Bellemont, displaying five flags of Mississippi's past, features

plantation architecture of the Old South and restaurant with creole-style cooking.





ELLINOR VILLAGE, at Pompano Beach, Fla., like housing development with own streets, country club and shopping center, has 150 bungalows for rent by day, week or month.

SANDS YACHTEL, on Florida's Intracoastal Waterway at Pompano Beach, includes 25-unit motel (*left*) and 84 slips for guests who prefer to remain aboard their boats.





DPA—International
GERMAN FLIGHT CREWS
On the wings of a sparrow.

a gross of 225 million DM (\$53.6 million). In December alone, they carried 114,000 passengers (25% German). Lufthansa has already set up shop in Europe's largest, most modern hangar, in Hamburg, hired 700 employees, including a covey of trim stewardesses. Its bosses, moreover, are no novices in the harshly competitive airline business, but old hands. Hans M. Bongers, Lufthansa's chief, ran the line's prewar business department; Technical Director Gerhard Holtje is another veteran.

Last week there was the danger that France might delay the line's inauguration, arguing that it could not let Germans fly over the country prior to restoration of German sovereignty. But Lufthansa, with the U.S. and British authorities already on its side, counted on winning over the French as well. On April 1, said Lufthansa confidently, it would begin scheduled commercial flights inside West Germany, soon to be followed by regular flights to continental points. Britain and New York. Not long after, Lufthansa expects to be making four flights weekly to New York, two to Buenos Aires, three to Teheran. Predicted Lufthansa: by 1956 it would be flying to New York ten times a week and opening new routes to the Orient.

PERSONNEL

Changes of the Week

Frank O. Prior, 59, was named president of Standard Oil Co. (Indiana), replacing Alonso W. Peake, 64, who will retire May 3 after 34 years with the company, ten as president. (Robert E. Wilson remains board chairman.) In his climb up the ladder, Prior often moved on to the rung vacated by Peake. A Stanford engineering graduate (1919), Prior started work as an oilfield laborer for Midwest Refining, where Peake was an oilfield superintendent. Shortly after, Standard bought Midwest, and as Peake moved up, Prior followed. In 1928, Peake was made president of another Standard subsidiary, Dixie Oil, and when he was shifted to the

parent company in 1930, Prior succeeded him. Later that year, when Standard merged Dixie and two other companies into Stanolind Oil & Gas Co., Prior was the first president. Under him, Stanolind's oil reserves were increased ten times. In 1945, he moved to the parent company, became vice president in charge of production, and in 1951 executive vice president. ¶ Stuyvesant Peabody, Jr., 40, resigned as board chairman of Chicago's Peabody Coal Co., the second biggest U.S. commercial producer. (First: Pittsburgh Consolidation Coal Co.) "Stuyve" Peabody was president from 1946 until last year, when the board of directors, alarmed by a \$636,855 loss in the fiscal year ending April 1954, moved him up to board chairman and put Executive Vice President Otto Gressens, 57, in as president. Gressens, who had been hired away from Illinois Commonwealth Edison in 1951, cut costs by closing some mines in southern Illinois, expects to report earnings of \$1,200,000 for the year ending April 1955. Peabody, who disagreed on the way to run the company, said that his family has been selling its interest, and that the company will soon be "Peabody in name only."

BANKING

Marriage of Opposites

Until last week, the National City Bank of New York and Manhattan's First National Bank seemed to have little in common. National City, under energetic Chairman Howard C. Shepherd, 60, went out for the little man's business, built up 71 domestic branch offices. With resources of \$6.3 billion, it became the biggest bank in New York and second largest in the U.S.* But First National, the epitome of conservatism, had no branches. Known as the "banker's bank," it specialized in huge corporate accounts, began only in recent years to accept accounts of less than \$200,000.

But the opposites attracted each other, decided that by joining forces they could cover the entire banking field. Last week, National City's Shepherd and First National's President Alexander Nagle published the banns. Though it was described as a merger (the fourth get-together of big New York banks in less than five months), the deal amounted to an outright sale. Under an agreement still to be approved by stockholders, National City will pay \$165 million for the 300,000 shares of First National on the market (price per share: \$550). The new bank will be known as First National City Bank of New York, with Shepherd staying on as chairman and Nagle becoming chairman of the executive committee. Its total resources will be more than \$7 billion. National City already has the money to swing the deal: last October it raised \$132 million with the biggest stock financing ever undertaken by a bank.

* After California's Bank of America (\$9 billion), next month, when their merger is slated to become final, Chase National Bank and the Bank of the Manhattan Co. will become second (\$7.6 billion).

"Speculation . . . is the self-adjustment of society to the probable. Its value is well-known as a means of avoiding or mitigating catastrophes, equalizing prices, and providing for periods of want. It is true that the success of the strong induces imitation by the weak, and that incompetent persons bring themselves to ruin by undertaking to speculate in their turn. But legislatures and courts generally have recognized that the natural evolutions of a complex society are to be touched only with a very cautious hand . . ."

Mr. Justice Holmes
United States Supreme Court
May 8, 1905

Justice Holmes was right

Obviously in a society built on risk-taking there's a place for the man who can afford to take the big risk—the man who has the money and the temperament for successful speculation.

Nobody can begrudge him his success, for where would we be here in America without his breed?

But don't let his success mislead you. Don't speculate unless you can meet the specifications. Maybe you've got the cash but lack the temperament. Maybe you've got the temperament but lack the cash. Either way can be fatal.

Of course, most of our customers aren't speculators. They're investors.

That means they're risk-takers too, but on a much more modest scale. They're people who buy a share of ownership in some established American business, because they expect that business to grow over the years and pay them a good return on their money as long as business prospects are good. Most times they've been right.

Yes, we think investing is a good thing. And speculation, too, in its place.

But don't forget what Justice Holmes had to say. We think he was right.

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MEDICINE

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{ Our current offering list shows many of them. Send for it without obligation, and also receive our up-to-date tax chart that helps you determine the amount of tax relief an investor in your income bracket may expect.

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AND OTHER PRINCIPAL CITIES

Hoover on Health

The U.S. Government is now responsible for the medical care of 30 million Americans. Cost last year: \$4.15 billion. In the opinion of the Hoover Commission, that money is ill-spent by 26 overlapping, badly organized agencies and 66 administrative units. To clear up the mess, a task force of doctors and administrative experts made stringent suggestions to the Hoover Commission.* In somewhat tempered form, the suggestions went to Congress last week. Main points:

¶ Close down a score of inefficient and badly located Veterans Administration hospitals (TIME, Feb. 21), plus similar units run by the U.S. Public Health Service and armed forces.

¶ Make it harder for veterans to get treatment for nonservice disabilities (at present, more than half of the 100,000 beds in VA hospitals are taken up by such cases at an estimated cost of \$500 million a year). To get care for nonservice disabilities, veterans now have only to say that they cannot afford treatment elsewhere. Henceforth, recommended the Commission, such statements should be verified.

¶ Open outpatient clinics for veterans with nonservice disabilities to ease the burden on hospitals.

¶ Stop medical care for 2,500 merchant seamen now in U.S. Public Health Service hospitals. This oldest (1798) medical responsibility taken on by the Government is now unnecessary because many shipping companies have private medical-insurance programs.

¶ Set up health insurance for 2,000,000 federal employees, but make them pay for it through premiums (as in Blue Shield plans).

¶ Create a central advisory council to coordinate all Government health programs and a central authority to direct medical measures in case of atomic attack.

The Commission's proposals, it figured, mean spending an extra \$106 million, but save \$400 million for a net cut of \$294 million a year.

The Short Form

The World Health Organization recognizes 999 different categories of diseases, injuries and causes of death, including 125 methods of suicide. But in those parts of the world that are not used to statistics, tabulating figures on who died of what has proved difficult. What good, for instance, is a death certificate written on the bark of a baobab tree along a branch of the upper Zambezi? So WHO decided that what it needed was something like the U.S. income-tax collector's 1040-A—a short form that nobody can gum up.

In Paris, 50 delegates from all over

* Officially known, in the gobbledegook, it seeks to abolish, as the "Commission on Organization of the Executive Branch of the Government."

the world met to seek uniform and simpler methods of reporting death. Their aim a questionnaire with only 50 categories. Explained one expert: "We want to phrase our questionnaire so that chiefs of aboriginal tribes and village medicine men can understand it—so we can get answers like: 'X. died of a bellyache. Y. was killed by a lion, and Mme. Z. passed away after childbirth.'"

The new "short form" will soon go out to WHO representatives in Africa, Asia and Latin America. As the doctors wound up their conference last week, Denmark's



Giles—London Daily Express
"The next course will be two of those U.N. boys they sent here to find out what 'will doctors' patients die of."

H. C. Gram thanked their Paris hosts in a speech based on the old, long list: Paris, he said, "saved us from Eo33" (hunger, thirst and exposure), so that in future, delegates would "instantly suppress 310" (anxiety) when called on to return to Paris. Not participating in the conference were Iron Curtain doctors, who abandoned WHO in 1949, possibly embarrassed by Eo33 on the list (execution).

The Lost Faces

When he looked into the shaving mirror each morning, the face he saw was that of a total stranger. Sometimes, to get visual proof that he was looking at himself, J.S. stuck out his tongue: the face in the mirror did the same. But J.S. simply could not recognize himself or his wife. This caused trouble, when, for instance, they took different aisles in the supermarket and agreed to meet at the checkout. Since then, J.S. rarely speaks (especially to a lady) until he is spoken to. He would have the same trouble with his children, but they are young enough to be noisy, and he can usually tell them by their voices.

J.S., 32, is no character from a Kafka novel, no fugitive from Red brainwashing. He is an artisan in the San Francisco Bay

region and, until 2½ years ago, he was perfectly normal. Then he was seriously injured in an auto accident. The broken bones mended well enough, but soon he made the frightening discovery that he could not recognize people by their faces.

University of California neurologists considered the possibility that J.S. was suffering from hysteria, but soon had to rule that out. Then they found that J.S. had "tunnel vision," i.e., he saw only a narrow field, as though he were looking through a tube. This still did not explain the case. Doctors found a small snapshot showing him as a World War II pilot: the face was clearly recognizable and small enough to be well within his tunneled view. But J.S. could not identify himself. Said one doctor: "He seemed to have no visual image of himself to compare with the photograph."

The doctors finally diagnosed the case as visual agnosia, an extremely rare disorder whose victims cannot recall images to compare with what they currently see. But J.S. suffered from a highly specialized kind—a complete blank for faces, or "prosopagnosia." Said Dr. Donald Macrae: "We have nothing exactly like it in world literature."

Fortunately, J.S. can still recognize letters, words and figures, so that he can read and calculate (though a bit more slowly than before his accident). He can distinguish some objects but not others. For instance, he cannot tell a dog from a fox, but he can find his way through the city and draw a floor plan of his house from memory. At work he can identify only three colleagues: one very tall and thin, one with two moles, one with a facial tic. The rest tell him their names, point to the tools they want him to pass. In one parlor game, J.S. excels. When the husbands sit under the table and try to identify their wives by their feet, he simply tickles each pair of feet until he recognizes his wife—by her laugh.

Capsules

■ An electronic blood-pressure recorder developed by the National Bureau of Standards has been marketed by Colson Corp. of Elyria, Ohio. Attached to the patient's arm, it will record blood pressure at whatever intervals the doctors want, from 30 seconds to an hour. Attached to a buzzer, it can call the nurse when pressure gets critically low. Price: \$1,500.

■ Using piano wire bought from a model-airplane shop, two U.C.L.A. surgeons have developed an operation for opening thigh arteries clogged by cholesterol in a common form of arteriosclerosis. A wire loop passed through a length of the artery strips out the inner wall with its fatty deposits.

■ One of the commonest causes of skin ailments is home medication of assorted cuts, scratches and infections without waiting for a proper medical diagnosis, reported Dr. L. Edward Gaul of Evansville, Ind. Thus misused, practically any medication can cause trouble—and this includes the sulfas, antibiotics, local anesthetics and antihistaminics.



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Newsreel

¶ Blonde, well-curved Sheree North, who replaced blonde, well-curved Marilyn Monroe in 20th Century-Fox's *How To Be Very, Very Popular*, announced that she would play the role her way, not Marilyn's. Producer-Director-Writer Nunnally Johnson backed her up: "Sheree will not act like Marilyn. She has been instructed to play the entire part with her mouth shut."

¶ Ingrid Bergman returned to her native Sweden to play *Joan of Arc at the Stake* at the Stockholm Opera. Then she announced that as soon as the engagement ended she would leave Sweden forever. Reason: aggressively personal press attacks. Sample statement: "[Ingrid Bergman is] being exhibited for money by Roberto Rossellini, with whom she has three children and one Rolls-Royce."

¶ Charlie Chaplin has remained a founding partner in United Artists for 35 years, refusing as much as \$6,000,000 for his interest in the company. Last week the self-exiled comedian, now living in Switzerland, liquidated the last of his visible American interests by selling his 25% of United Artists for an undisclosed sum.

¶ Dr. Hugh M. Flick, chief New York State movie censor, declared that for a movie censor, sex is fairly easy to handle (he often cuts it out), but brutality is much harder to manage: "punishment [of a brutal villain] doesn't disconnect your unconscious identification with a star you know and like."

British Imports

The Green Scarf (Associated Artists) introduces a detective named Maitre Deliot (Michael Redgrave), who is a sort of cross between Hercule Poirot and Father Brown, with a dash of old man Karamazov thrown in. Deliot is a French lawyer, an ancient case-horse just about ready for pasture. A bachelor, from the bees in his bonnet to the ties on his vest, he is grimy, grouchy, up to his knees in litter, and almost down to his belt in beard.

In The Green Scarf, Deliot's client (Kieron Moore), charged with murder, is blind and deaf, and refuses to defend himself. To Deliot, of course, such problems are merely salt to his solitary porridge. After one of those sketchy investigations that create almost as much mystery as they resolve, he produces, in a clever courtroom scene, the full portrait of the crime, including the face of the killer. Actor Redgrave is the making of the show, though at times he almost fidgets it away. Kieron Moore, Leo Genn and Jane Henderson are excellent. It's a nice little puzzle, in a squarely sort of way.

The Good Die Young (Romulus: United Artists) is just a little ricochet romance, U.S. style. Three men in a pub (Richard Basehart, John Ireland, Stanley Baker), all decent fellows but down on their luck, meet a fourth (Laurence Harvey), who persuades them to steal a ship-



WIN MIN THAN
Brilliant a thousandfold.

ment of old bank notes from a mail truck. When the job is done, the villain slaughters all three of his accomplices, but in the last reel the meat wagon comes around for him, too. The playing is brisk, but the story takes too long to untangle itself. The good die somewhat too old.

The Purple Plain (J. Arthur Rank: United Artists) has something new and exotic to recommend it: a stunning 21-year-old Burmese beauty named Win Min Than, which means "brilliant a thousandfold." When she shimmers into focus in a screen-size closeup with a tremulous smile on her lips, sympathetic vibrations start humming around the movie house. They keep on humming as the girl with the almond-shaped eyes and trim little figure speaks the precise and attractively British English that she learned at an Irish convent in Rangoon. Her role in the movie (her first) is largely therapeutic. A crack fighter pilot (Gregory Peck) seems determined to crash his plane and kill himself in a foolhardy maneuver against the Japanese. He has gone "round the bend" since his bride was killed on their wedding night. But once he meets Win, he realizes that "it is no good to die inside," and proves his will to live after a crash landing. Unfortunately, the tired script and plodding direction need even more than brilliance a thousandfold.

New Picture

White Feather (Panoramic: 20th Century-Fox). "Never," scream the ads for this western, "has the screen dared so boldly to cross the boundary lines of color and intolerance!" Indeed, in this picture, only six months after the production code was broadened to admit the subject—and only 3,000 years or so after Solomon entertained the Queen of Sheba—a Hollywood studio has dared to take up the



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question of miscegenation. The subject has been filmed before, of course, notably in *Pinky*, the story of an affair between a white man and a Negro girl; but in *White Feather* the hero (Robert Wagner) is a white man who actually marries a red-blooded Indian girl. The moviemakers have of course been careful to soften the shock of this dee-double-daring event. The marriage takes place way back in the 1870s and is not shown on the screen. The Indian girl is played by a pretty young actress (Debra Paget) who is obviously of sturdy Nordic stock, and the rest of the picture is so dull that moviegoers may not care what happens to the characters anyway.

One Sharp, One Flat

Three for the Show (Columbia). "A good Hollywood musical," a director once remarked, "is like a fine glass. It only rings true when it's absolutely empty." By this standard, *Three for the Show* is a good musical—the best so far released in



BETTY GRABLE & GOWER CHAMPION
 A potent whiff of H₂O.

1955. It has the imitable zing of vacuity, and it has something more important: a fundamental lilt that travels from scene to scene and makes the picture musical even when the sound track is silent.

The lilt gets a lift from the story, a merry little jape that was cribbed from a 1940 movie, a comedy called *Too Many Husbands*, which in turn was borrowed from a comedy by Somerset Maugham, who had lifted the theme from a gloomy narrative poem by Tennyson, who had got the idea from a sculptor friend who heard the tale told in Suffolk.

In this version, Betty Grable is a music-comedy star whose songwriter husband (Jack Lemmon) is reported dead in Korea. After a suitable period of mourning, she marries her husband's partner (Gower Champion). So, of course, Lemmon turns up alive, and the fun begins. Gower glowers, Lemmon sours, and Grable plays the queen in a giddy double checkmate. The best scenes in the picture are those in which the two men dance attendance on their mutual wife to some pretty,

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witty choreography by Jack Cole. All the dances, in fact, have just the right sort of scratch-pad casualness, and in a couple of them Marge and Gower Champion actually manage to make precision footwork look like Saturday night luck. The songs (*Someone to Watch Over Me, I've Got a Crush on You, How Come You Do Me Like You Do?*) have been heard before, but they are not too hard to hear again. Betty Grable is still a fairly potent whiff of H_2O , and Jack Lemmon, who showed in *It Should Happen to You* and *Phffft!* that he is an expert comedian, proves in this picture that he can sing and dance very winningly too.

Hit the Deck (M-G-M) also has its distinctions. It is the only Hollywood musical about the U.S. Navy that has been released this week. As usual, the sailors (Tony Martin, Vic Damone, Russ Tamblyn) are assigned to watch not foreign straits but domestic curves (Ann Miller, Jane Powell, Debbie Reynolds); and they dance so well it makes a taxpayer wonder if ballet lessons are now part of boot training. The dialogue offers few surprises. "I worship the ground you walk on," says Tony Martin. "Now he's talking real estate," says Ann Miller. The songs are old too. Somebody even sings a cheery, beery *Ciribiribin*. And yet, the picture is not without an esthetic quality: it contains a splendid shot of the Golden Gate bridge.

CURRENT & CHOICE

The Wages of Fear. Fear, oil, greed. Central America and nitroglycerin, stirred together in an angry philosophical shocker by French Director Henri-Georges Clouzot (TIME, Feb. 21).

Hunters of the Deep. The camera grazes on beauty in the ocean pastures (TIME, Feb. 14).

Game of Love. First oats, as two French adolescents sow them; based on a Colette novel (TIME, Jan. 24).

Bad Day at Black Rock Spencer Tracy is first-rate as a stranger among sullen evildoers in a cat-and-mouse game set in the Southwest (TIME, Jan. 17).

Romeo and Juliet. Never has Shakespeare's love poem been so splendidly set —among the Renaissance remains of Venice, Verona, Siena (TIME, Dec. 20).

The Country Girl. A slickly made story (by Clifford Odets) about a Broadway has-been (Bing Crosby), his bitter wife (Grace Kelly), and a cynical director (William Holden) who tries to pull them apart (TIME, Dec. 13).

The Heart of the Matter. Graham Greene's novel, a passionate chorale on the themes of sin and salvation, is rearranged into something more like Mad Dogs and Englishmen; Trevor Howard and Maria Schell are superb as the lovers (TIME, Dec. 13).

Gate of Hell. A Japanese legend of quaint war and fatal lust, wrapped in a rich kimono of colors (TIME, Dec. 13).

Carmen Jones. Red-hot and black Carmen, with Dorothy Dandridge and Pearl Bailey (TIME, Nov. 1).

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BOOKS

Grace Under Pressure

THE PLACE OF JACKALS [249 pp.]—Ronald Hardy—Doubleday (\$3.50).

The temper of religious faith is best measured against the pressures of human weakness. In *The Power and the Glory* Graham Greene gave a classic demonstration of the ordeal by inner torture that follows when a priest who is a weak man falls from grace. Now Ronald Hardy, a young (35) Englishman (and an Anglo) has written a first novel that establishes him as Greene's No. 1 disciple.

Almost as soon as Father Roget reaches Indo-China as a French army chaplain, his religious certainties begin to waver. Riding through the crushing heat of the

worth saving, but Novelist Hardy gives him one more chance. During a retreat from the victorious Communists, an officer is hit by machine-gun bullets and begs for the priest. Again fear seizes Roget, but this time the colonel unexpectedly helps him find his soul. Standing beside the priest, Lejeune says with great compassion: "All right. Go now. Don't crawl. Walk out to him." When Roget goes to the dying man, it is the beginning of his return to faith and self-respect.

Some critics may argue that the priest is too patly saved, but combat soldiers will find nothing unnatural in this result of trial by battle. Author Hardy's terse story is not only creditable, it is played out in a setting that is both exciting and topical. Himself a liaison officer in Indo-China at the close of World War II, he has written battle scenes and jungle descriptions that are hotly authentic. Now an accountant, Hardy wrote *The Place of Jackals* as "an antidote to this rather boring job." No one who reads it will be bored.

The Counterfeitors

THE RECOGNITIONS [956 pp.]—William Gaddis—Harcourt, Brace (\$7.50).

It is almost impossible to ignore a novelist who produces 956 closely printed pages. William Gaddis, a 33-year-old New Yorker who has never published a book before, rates attention for other reasons as well. He has written this novel from that dark night of the soul where, as F. Scott Fitzgerald once said, "it is always three o'clock in the morning." To the small army of "beat generation" characters in *The Recognitions*, dawn never comes.

As Author Gaddis sees it, the 20th century U.S. is a soggy butt end of western civilization, an age of publicity and duplicity in which the phonies have inherited the earth. Pronouncing a scarcely original, but nevertheless grandiose, anathema, he finds everyone corroded through the decline of love and the absence of Christian faith. Rangy in setting (New England, Greenwich Village, Paris, Spain, Italy, Central America), aswim in erudition, semi-Joycean in language, glacial in pace, irritatingly opaque in plot and character. *The Recognitions* is one of those eruptions of personal vision that will be argued about without being argued away. U.S. novel writing has a strikingly fresh talent to watch, if not to cheer.

On the follow-the-hero level, the action of *The Recognitions* may seem simple. Wyatt Gwyion is the shy son of a New England preacher. His mother has died during a trip to Spain, and he is brought up under the gimlet eye and Puritan maxims of a crabby maiden aunt. In Paris, he holes up in a studio and paints, but he gets panned by the critics. Wyatt is soon back in a Greenwich Village flat with a draftsman's job and a possessive wife just out of analysis. He sheds his wife, and sells himself into esthetic and moral bondage forg-



NOVELIST HARDY
Salvation in the jungle.

jungle to a front-line outpost, he passes a ruined pagoda, and is horrified by his sudden vision of his own God "dying in the grasp of the foul, green fungus, speckled with the disease of decay." At the front Colonel Lejeune, a magnificent soldier, tells him with cold insolence that he would have preferred reinforcements to a priest. The French are corroded by defeatism, many of the soldiers are themselves Communists, the colonial troops are unreliable. In this atmosphere, Chaplain Roget's spirit is badly battered. Fear paralyzes him in the midst of a vicious battle for a strongpoint. When Roget lets his driver die without trying to save him, and fails even to comfort the dying, the colonel's contempt becomes withering. Then, piled onto his knowledge of his own unworthiness, Roget is forced to admit to himself that he is tempted by the nymphomaniac wife of an American missionary.

At this point the priest hardly seems

worthy saving, but Novelist Hardy gives him one more chance. During a retreat from the victorious Communists, an officer is hit by machine-gun bullets and begs for the priest. Again fear seizes Roget, but this time the colonel unexpectedly helps him find his soul. Standing beside the priest, Lejeune says with great compassion: "All right. Go now. Don't crawl. Walk out to him." When Roget goes to the dying man, it is the beginning of his return to faith and self-respect.

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¶ Rev. Gwyion, Wyatt's father, finds gin more consoling than the Protestantism he preaches. When he is not hitting the bottle, he soaks up the rites of non-Christian faiths. One Christmas he comes unhinged, proclaims the gospel of Mithra from the pulpit after sacrificing a black bull. His



MARTIN S. DWORKIN
NOVELIST GADDIS
Damnation in a seashell.

horrified congregation packs him off to a sanitarium called Happymount.

¶ Esme is a slim, wistful artist's model, and a heroin addict. In her lost, grieving face, Wyatt finds inspiration for his forged Madonnas.

¶ Otto, the would-be playwright, forever scribbles his friends' dialogue into notebooks, but rarely gets a chance to test-fly a line ("I'd say he was a latent heterosexual").

¶ Agnes Deigh (her name a pun on Agnus Dei) plays godmother and literary agent to a lisping crew of homosexuals until she jumps out of a hotel window.

¶ Mr. Pivner, the all-too-common man, is a try at redoing Joyce's Mr. Bloom. While some shreds of humanist culture clung to Bloom, Pivner's brain is a sheer pulp of newspaper headlines, self-help manuals, and radio commercials ("Hi, gang! Your friend Lazarus the Laughing Leper brings you radio's newest kiddies' program. *The Lives of the Saints*,

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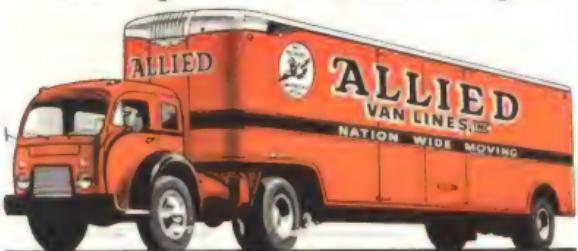
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The Welt of Satire. The flailing misanthropy of *The Recognitions* might be even more grotesque and pretentious than it is, were it not for the comic welt of wit and satire it often leaves behind. Author Gaddis is as faithful as a tape recorder to the babble of loose American tongues, and New York as an asphalt jungle has rarely been patrolled so intently since *Dos Passos' Manhattan Transfer*.

But Author Gaddis also intends *The Recognitions* as a spiritual rebuke ("I wonder, when I step out of doors, how the past can tolerate us"). Unfortunately, the best he can do for a symbol of evil is to trade in Melville's white whale for Manhattan's Madison Avenue. Like other literary specialists in damnation, William Gaddis has held a seashell to his ear and convinced himself that just about all humanity is drowning.

Dockside Montaigne

THE PASSIONATE STATE OF MIND (151 pp.)—Eric Hoffer—Harper (\$2.50).

Eric Hoffer is a pink-faced, horny-handed San Francisco dock worker who pays his dues to Harry Bridges' longshoremen's union and preaches self-reliance more stalwartly than Emerson. He gets up at 4:45 in the morning and spends his days working on the piers of San Francisco's Embarcadero. Evenings he spends in his room in a shabby McAllister Street lodging-house, bent over a plank desk, writing.

Four years ago Hoffer published *The True Believer*, an eloquent analysis of the nature of modern mass movements that won critical respect and a considerable following of readers. His new book turns from social to strictly individual themes, and offers, in a series of aphorisms, the insights gained during a hard, roving life.

Born in New York of Alsatian parents, Hoffer lost his sight in a childhood tumble, and though he regained his vision eight years later, he never finished grade school. At 18 he lit out for California and landed on Los Angeles' skid row. "It was then," he says, "that I first began to live." He rode the rails up and down the state, picking oranges, swinging sledges in railroad section gangs, lumberjacking, prospecting. On a gold-digging trip to the Sierras he took along a copy of Montaigne's essays. "We were snowed in and I read it straight through three times. I quoted it all the time. I'll bet there are still a dozen hoboes in the San Joaquin Valley who can quote Montaigne."

Though some of Philosopher Hoffer's aphorisms are fatuous, *The Passionate State of Mind* demonstrates again his knack for neat, 17th century-style broadening on 20th century problems. Samples: ¶ "There is in most passions a shrinking away from ourselves. The passionate pursuer has all the earmarks of a fugitive. Passions usually have their roots in that which is blemished, crippled, incomplete and insecure within us." ¶ "There is even in the most selfish



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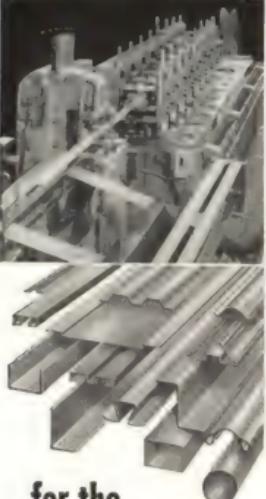
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"Some people are born to spend their



Jon Brennenstuhl

APHORIST HOFER

The passionate never catch up.

lives catching up; and they are as a rule the passionate ones."

The aphorism is a lean and literary fugitive that flourished most elegantly in the salons of France's *ancien régime*. The mere fact of its reappearance on the San Francisco docks makes this book noteworthy.

Cruise Into the Past

CONQUEST BY MAN (455 pp.)—*Paul Herrmann-Harper* (\$6). This is a German scholar's fascinating survey of travel and discovery before Columbus. Author Herrmann has pulled together all sorts of odd bits of learned lore to show that "the world has been since early times almost as great and wide as in our own day." He tells why experts now think that Bronze Age drummers lugged oaken sample cases through north European forests, and how the Egyptians of 4,000 years ago rowed their galleys 4,000 miles south to the Zambezi River to fetch myrrh, frankincense and gold. The eleventh of Hercules' twelve mythical labors—to fetch the golden apples of the Hesperides—suggests to him that the Greeks may have sailed into the Atlantic by 1400 B.C. The giant Atlas, who gave Hercules such a timely hand, may have been "the gigantic snow-capped Peak of Teneriffe on the Canary Islands," and the apples the hero plucked were perhaps the golden-yellow fruit of the Canary strawberry tree. Though Author Herrmann considers it only "possible" that America was reached even before Leif Ericson's

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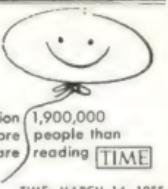
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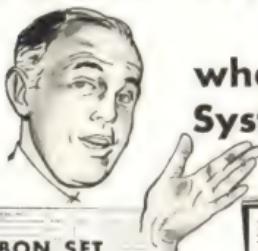


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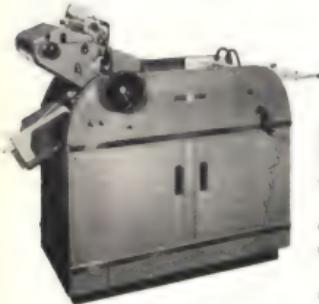


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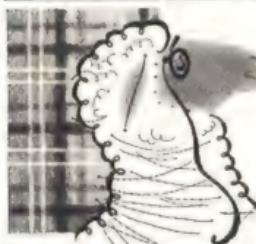
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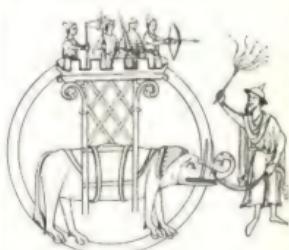
11th century voyage to Vinland, his stimulating and well-balanced chronicle of heroism, curiosity and restless greed leaves the reader with the feeling that such a feat was well within the powers of early man.

As They Ought to Be

THE BOOK OF BEASTS [296 pp.]—
Translated by T. H. White—Putnam [\$5].

How does one catch a unicorn? Simple. "A virgin girl is led to where he lurks, and there she is sent off by herself into the wood. He soon leaps into her lap when he sees her, and embraces her, and hence he gets caught."

This helpful hint is offered by a 12th century bestiary, compiled by an anonymous monk and dusted off by British Novelist T. H. White (*The Sword in the Stone*). The work is a charming illustration of how medieval man's other-worldly eye rested on the wonders of nature. As



ELEPHANT (12TH CENTURY VERSION)
Never burn a whale.

natural history, the book shows astonishingly small powers of observation of even familiar barnyard animals ("the virility of horses is extinguished when their manes are cut"). Armchair hunters will be pleased to read that lions use their long tails to rub out their tracks, that when an elephant pair wishes to have a young one, they first eat of the mandrake (representing Adam and Eve and the tree of knowledge), and that whales will let sailors settle on their backs, but dive from under them if they light campfires.

Readers may also join the lively game that Translator White plays among the footnotes and try to puzzle out what animal, vegetable or mineral the Middle Ages mistook for unicorn, dragon, griffin, basilisk, etc. White guesses that the poison-breathing basilisk was very likely the cobra, but thinks the griffin was strictly mythological, in fact "something of a Hieroglyphin."

Any 20th century reader who wishes to feel superior in his shining science to the credulity of the Middle Ages will have an easy time of it. Scholar White insists, however, that a bestiary is no fairy tale, but a serious scientific work with kernels of fact in most of the fantastic legends. The remarkable thing, says White, is not that most of the observations were wildly distorted, but that they were made at all

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Some people have both the mood and the money



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across continents and centuries. Science aside, who would want to miss the 12th century hedgehog model that "provides itself with double breathing holes, so that, when it suspects the north wind is going to blow, it can shut up the northern one"? Or the camel which, when sold to a stranger, falls ill in disgust over the price? Animals may not be what the bestiary says they are, but obviously they ought to be.

Mixed Fiction

FLAMINGO FEATHER, by Laurens van der Post [341 pp.; Morrow; \$3.95]. A bloody envelope, a pink-and-white feather, a sailor's cap, a murdered Negro—what does it all add up to and how does it tie in with the South African firm of Lindelbaum & Co., wine and spirit importers? Thanks to the throbs of distant tom-toms (which seems to be saying Mau Mau), the least alert reader can guess that the spirits imported by evil Mr. Lindelbaum are more vodka and voodoo than honest Scotch. South African-born Novelist van der Post (*Venture to the Interior*) has taken his theme from French Philosopher-Sociologist Lucien Lévy-Bruhl: "*Le rêve est le vrai dieu des Primitifs*" [The dream is the real god of primitive peoples]. The Russians know that the far-flung Amangatkewa tribe is expecting its chief witch doctor to have a "dream," i.e., to receive from the spirit world an oracular directive on tribal policy. Hunter-Hero Pierre de Beauvilliers suspects a sinister hand when a Negro clutching a flamingo feather (the summons to a dream powwow) is murdered. Pierre gets on the scent like a pointer, and soon every trail is dotted with silent tribesmen padding to the rendezvous where the dream (a Commie plant) will be revealed and a huge arms cache is to be doled out. Author van der Post writes beautifully about the African landscape, and intelligently about the Reds' dangerous ability to poison man's dreams. *Flamingo Feather* is a political thriller of powerful literary magic.

THE MOMENT BEFORE THE RAIN, by Elizabeth Enright [253 pp.; Harcourt, Brace; \$3.50], is a collection of 18 short stories with a sharply etched image on nearly every page. A woman emerges from childbirth feeling "like a huge sea shell washed up by the highest wave, empty but still ringing from the tides." There are trees hung with grey moss "like . . . the wigs of old witches" and an old-fashioned store that is full of "ribbon, cloth and clean middle-aged ladies: dry goods, indeed." The shining words of this gifted writer often appear on obvious and outsized mountings. The last man on earth thinks things over; sometimes he's happy, sometimes he's blue (\$,000 words). A little girl discovers that there is more fun in a poor but jolly household than in a rich but strait-laced one (6,000 words). But there is at least one magnificent exception, *The First Face*, a beautifully conceived and brilliantly told epiphany of a woman and her newborn son. And—perhaps there is a moral here—it is only 1,200 words long.



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